



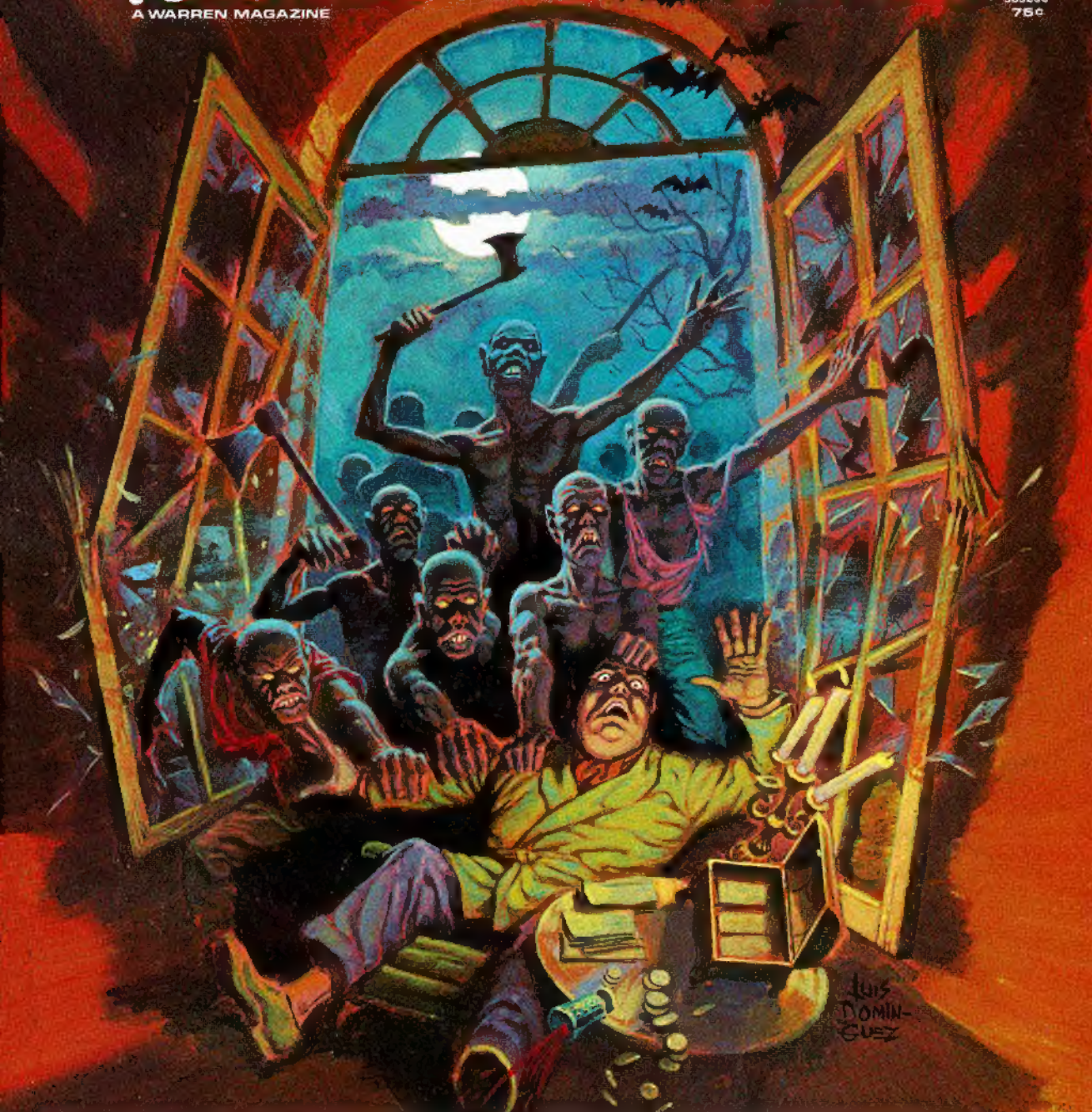
76 ILLUSTRATED PAGES OF TERROR AND SUSPENSE

EERIE
#43
NOV. 1972

EERIE

563206
75c

A WARREN MAGAZINE



NO HOME IS SAFE FROM THE MYSTERIOUS WALKING DEAD! Page 26

MONSTER GALLERY

QUETZALCOATL • MONSTER GOD



WHEN THE ARMY
OF THE SPANISH CONQUISTADOR
CORTEZ ATTACKED MEXICO
SEEKING GOLD, THE AZTEC
INDIANS WERE
SLAUGHTERED!

HAI HAI!
KILL THE RED
DOGS! THERE'S
PLENTY OF GOLD
AND BOOTY
FOR ALL!



OH MIGHTY
GOD
QUETZALCOATL, LET YOUR
FANGS AND CLAWS PROTECT
MY TREASURE FROM THE
CRUEL INTRUDERS! MAKE
THEM FEEL YOUR
WRATH!

OH MIGHTY
CHIEF MONTEZUMA...
WE CANNOT DEFEAT
THE INVADERS! WHAT
WILL BECOME
OF US?

WE MUST
FLEE TO THE SOUTH!
I WILL NOT LET MY
PEOPLE BE
SLAUGHTERED!

SOON SPANIARDS WERE FOUND TORN APART
HORRIBLY, THEIR SWORDS USELESSLY LAYING
BY THEIR SIDES! IT WAS RUMORED THAT...

CAPTAIN! ANOTHER OF
OUR MEN SLAIN HORRIBLY! THE
INDIANS' UNHOLY SERPENT GOD
HAS STRUCK AGAIN!

IN ANY CASE, THEY
NEVER FOUND THE TREASURE!
SO PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE
TO SEARCH FOR IT! UNLESS,
OF COURSE, YOU'RE AFRAID IT
MAY STILL BE GUARDED...





OUR COVER:
"Bright Eyes," the curse of the dread
zombies, is the theme of our cover as
rendered by artist Luis Dominguez. Story
begins on page 26.

**EDITOR &
PUBLISHER:**
James Warren

**MANAGING
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Luis Dominguez

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Jerry Grandenetti
Esteban Maroto
Paul Neary
Suso
Tom Sutton

**WRITERS
THIS ISSUE:**
Richard Margopolous
Esteban Maroto
Douglas Moench
Steve Skeates

EERIE

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DEAR COUSIN EERIE "All I can
say about 'The Prodigy Son' in Eerie #40 is
that it was awful, terrifying and horrible,"
writes reader Michael Wallace, "and I loved it."

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SOMEDAY An epic-making Science
Fiction tale of that fragile time just beyond
our own, that future day which heralds the be-
ginning of the end for Earth.

18

MUSICAL CHAIRS The long walk
down death row is even longer when you take
a detour. But the detour can be just as deadly
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26

BRIGHT EYES Murky Bayou country
is the only witness to the sorry spectre of one
lone figure stumbling through swampland,
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ific books.

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he had no place to go! Only time would tell if
he would be reduced to a piece of meat on
someone's dinner table!

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SHOWDOWN! He was fast! The
fastest gun in the West! But he couldn't beat
a simple dead man at gun play!

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EERIE FAN FARE Profile of "Some-
day" author Richard Margopoulos plus a ter-
ror trove of Fan stories including "Cold Shoul-
der" about the owner of a meat plant.

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LET THE EVIL ONE SLEEP Grim
and ghostly skeletons confront Dax as he
fights desperately to stay alive amid the in-
evitable carnage that is death.

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"Rounded stakes impale better than pointed ones!"

I loudly applaud the recent changes in EERIE's Monster Gallery. Instead of glorifying some fictitious glob monster of your own creation, you've started presenting true stories, which are, in fact, often much more frightening than fiction. Like it if you could do this for all of your stories because we are generally more scared by a story that seems it could happen than by one we know to be blatantly false.

JEFF BAENEN
Jamestown, N.D.

All I can say about "The Prodigy Son" in EERIE #40 is that it was disgusting, horrible, frightening, terrifying and sickening. Keep up the good work.

MICHAEL WALLACE
Chicago, Ill.

The only poor story in EERIE #40 was "Deathfall." While okay, "The Once Powerful Prince" didn't really come off as a horror story. "The Paradise Tree" was fair. Both "The Prodigy Son" and "Pity the Grave Digger" were great! Best story in the issue, however, was "The Brain of Frankenstein." EERIE, yours is the second greatest magazine going (Vampirella is tops).

NEAL BLAIKIE
Pensacola, Fla.



Topsy-turvy is more like it.

Compliments to writer Buddy Saunders for "Pity the Grave Digger" in EERIE #40, a horribly good story. Auraleon's artwork was superb.

ROBERT A. MORTELLARA
Tampa, Fla.

EERIE #40 has to be the worst issue you've ever done! I read the whole magazine in about five minutes and I'm not a particularly fast reader. Do you realize that there were close to 17 blank panels in "Deathfall?" That must have been one of the poorest stories I've ever read, hands down. "The Once Powerful Prince," while a great story in its own right, didn't belong in a horror magazine. Readers who say art is the most important thing in comics are confused. "Deathfall" proves that. The words are what make a story. Art constitutes only one-third of the ingredient. One more thing—print more werewolf stories. There hasn't been a good werewolf story since EERIE #36. C'mon, EERIE.

GEOFFREY GUNDERSON
Sioux Falls, S.D.



"In EERIE's Monster Gallery (EERIE #40), you said that Vlad, the Impaler, impaled people with pointed stakes," writes reader MIKE SMITH of Westover, Mass. "This is incorrect. He used rounded stakes because it hurt more that way. Also, he once invited some peasants to a feast and then burned down the banquet hall for laughs."

EERIE's Monster Gallery in EERIE #40, "Dracula's Castle," deserves an A+. I really enjoyed it. Every other story was a B except for "Pity the Grave Digger."

STEVE BOHRER
Amherst, N.H.

I really loved EERIE #40. Monster Gallery was good and Sanjulian's cover was neat. "The Brain of Frankenstein" was excellent. How about more stories about Frankenstein? Both "The Once Powerful Prince" and "The Paradise Tree" were pretty good. You can tell all those Sci-Fi goons to get some other magazine. We buy EERIE for horror!

PAT WALSH
New Palestine, Ind.

Cousin EERIE, can you ever forgive me? For years, I've been writing letters to Uncle what's-his-face, telling him how great he is, without ever once reading an issue of EERIE. However, the situation is now rectified. I've just read your latest issue and it's better than the last ten issues of CREEPY together! Keep up the ghoulishly great work.

RICHARD PERLOFF
Culver City, Calif.



All is forgiven, Rich.

"The Prodigy Son" was one of your best horror stories in a long time. "Deathfall" and "The Paradise Tree" weren't all that good but "Pity the Grave Digger" made up for them. If you have a moment, I'd like your description of Uncle Creepy.

JOHN O'CONNORS
Santa Rosa, Calif.



Tall and stupid.

I'd choose you over Uncle Creepy any day of the week, Cousin EERIE. Dug "Pity the Grave Digger" and "The Brain of Frankenstein" in EERIE #40.

EDWIN BOOK
Pompano Beach, Fla.

EERIE #40 was beyond belief! The cover was stunning and for the first time, I enjoyed EERIE's Monster Gallery. I had already heard about Vlad, the Impaler before EERIE #40 came out, but I had no idea there were two Dracula's. "The Brain of Frankenstein" was original and quite good. Love Dax, the warrior! You publication really stands out from the other Warren publications because of Dax. Vampi's got a series about herself (vanity, vanity) and Creepy's got his own paperback and title (about being the best) and this makes you look bad. Therefore, you have the right to do your own thing. "Deathfall" was unique. "The Prodigy Son" was grotesque! Horror just doesn't have to be about monsters, you know. Which is why Science Fiction belongs in EERIE. "Pity the Grave Digger" was somewhat distasteful but good. One comment about Dax, EERIE. He keeps falling in love with girls who end up looking grisly. The poor guy's going to get a complex at this rate.

TONY PARMAN
Atchison, Kansas

My two favorite stories in EERIE #40 were "Pity the Grave Digger" and "The Prodigy Son." Dax, the warrior stinks! A lot of my friends who are faithful to EERIE feel the same way. All he does is go around kissing girls and romancing. If we wanted stories like that, we'd buy romance comics. EERIE is a horror magazine, and that's exactly what we want—horror! Get rid of Dax! Also, Cuz EERIE, make sure you keep artists like Tom Sutton, Auraleon, Mike Ploog, and Jose M. Bea.

TONY COURT
W. Palm Beach, Fla.

We want full color posters of EERIE. Everybody on my block loves you, you little demon!

JOSEPH JONES
New York, N.Y.

RICHARD CLARK
Pekin, Indiana

You ought to toss in the towel, EERIE. The only half-way decent story in EERIE #40 was "Pity the Grave Digger" by Buddy Saunders.

STEPHEN DENNER
Chippewa Bay, N.Y.

Thought I'd drop you a line telling you how much I enjoy EERIE now that it's up to its old standards, equalling if not surpassing the days when Archie Goodwin was the editor. I'd rate EERIE #40 a B. Sanjulian's cover was pretty good and happily unmarred by an over-use of blurbs. I hope future issues of EERIE are nearly blurbless on the covers, except for maybe the story title the cover refers to. Auraleon's Monster Gallery was one of the best ever to appear in EERIE. Good to see that you're using fact as opposed to fiction for the Monster Gallery and it's now 2 pages long. As to the controversy over whether Science Fiction belongs in EERIE, I'm in favor of any kind of fantasy, that is, Science Fiction, horror and Sword and Sorcery. I'd also like to see some more gothic horror presented. Just steer clear of super-heroes. Leave them for those stupid kiddie comics! The very idea of that kind of slop entering the pages of a great fantasy and horror magazine like EERIE or Creepy is revolting. "The Prodigy Son" was the very best story in EERIE #40!

"Instead of pre-meditated murder, Papillon was only guilty of manslaughter!"

Papillon, the convict in "Deathfall" (EERIE #40) should not have been hung for his deed. When he killed his wife and her lover, it was an act of anger and not premeditated murder, punishable by 10 to 20 years, not death by hanging. Poor Papillon.

R. AUTREY
Selma, Alabama

You're the greatest, Cousin EERIE. Don't even pay attention to that ugly duckling, Creepy. We love you in Canada, EERIE! I'd rate "The Brain of Frankenstein" in EERIE #40 an A—and everything else a B.

P.T. JENSEN
Rexdale, Canada

I read EERIE on and off but EERIE #40 was the best I've ever read! I really dug the heck out of "The Brain of Frankenstein" and "Pity the Grave Digger" was super. I've seen an awful lot of horror movies but EERIE beats the bats out of the movies!

ROY HAYNES
Bruceton, Tenn.

My cousin and I collect horror magazines. We used to collect EERIE mixed in with all the others, but EERIE's gotten better and much, more scary. Now we only collect EERIE and I'm glad and scared.

MARK LICHTER
Wheaton, Md.

I know you won't print this but I sent it anyway. I'm a new reader. EERIE #40 was the best EERIE I've seen yet! "The Brain of Frankenstein" was the best story, bar none. Really wish you'd have more stories about Science Fiction and vampires. One question. If you and Creepy fight, is Vampirella neutral or do you hate her also?

ROY DUGAS, JR.
Houma, La.

Vampirella... Vampirella. Where have I heard that name before? Whoever she is, she's got to be a first class spook to have a monicker like that.

Just got ahold of EERIE #40. Didn't have time to read any of the stories, only the letters pages. I'd like to reply to reader Dan Morris when he says EERIE only publishes praiseworthy letters. When was the last time you looked at the letters pages? There are more crank letters (with this, I'd like to include myself for my letter in EERIE #39) than pimples on Uncle Creepy's nose! Do you think it's fair to pan Cuz EERIE's magazine without suggesting ideas to improve it?

RENNIE MIROLLO
New York, N.Y.

"Pity the Grave Digger" in EERIE #40 was superb. Both "The Brain of Frankenstein" and "Deathfall" were equally enjoyable. Congratulations to Mike Ploog and Auraleon for great artwork. "The Paradise Tree" was weak in story but the art made up.

JOHN SHIRREFF
Ottawa, Canada

"The Brain of Frankenstein" in EERIE #40 was a masterpiece of terror and suspense. "The Prodigy Son" was the eeriest story I've ever read. Those creatures who devoured Elias in "Pity the Grave Digger" were weird.

BRIAN POSTMAN
Glen Oaks, N.Y.

EERIE #40 has to be the best issue ever published!

JOHN RIEDEMAN
Indianapolis, Ind.

I am happy to be one of your greatest fans, EERIE. Praises galore to Mike Ploog for his artwork on "The Brain of Frankenstein."

HUGH GLADISH
Ottawa, Canada

Wanted to write you before but never had the nerve to do so. Enjoyed EERIE #40 and in particular, "The Prodigy Son" and "Pity the Grave Digger." We want more vampires and werewolves!

SANDRA MENDEZ
New York, N.Y.

INSIDE 43

Continuing in the tradition of EERIE #40, both the inside front and back covers of this issue feature EERIE's Monster Gallery. On p.2, a chilling one-page story about "Quetzacoatl, Monster God" illustrated by Luis Garcia and written by veteran EERIE writer R.M. Rosen.

Science Fiction, a subject still in much dispute on our letters pages, constitutes the plot of our lead story this issue. Titled "Someday" and written by one of our newer writers, Richard Margopoulos, profiled on p.64, the story concerns that not-too-distant world of the future we all await. Writes "Someday" author Margopoulos, "The plot took on form while I was cramming for a science test at college. Basically, it was something like: what if quasi-stellars and neutron stars were the results of bomb tests conducted by alien civilizations? One thing led to another. What if Adam and Eve (Adram and Evah) were people from another planet sent to Earth to test such a super weapon? To broaden the plot still further, the bomb was intelligent and just a bit homesick for the alien world where it was created." Margopoulos authored "Behold...The Cyber-nite!" another Sci-Fi epic, in Creepy #46.

The haunting and strangely evocative world of zombies and voodoo is treated to the hilt in Douglas Moench's chilling allegory "Bright Eyes" on p.26. Visit the world of Joshua, a man enslaved in death, captured as only artist Richard Corben can in all of its evil eccentricity.

EERIE takes pride in introducing yet another new talent to the fold, this issue. And we think you'll agree that SUSO, whose work appears on page 42, is worthy to stand alongside the other Warren greats now making comics history: Gonzalez, Maroto, Auraleon, Mas, Crandall. (Not to slight our other talents by not mentioning them here, you'll find their names in future "Inside Number" columns.)

Dax, warrior of the ages, faces his most lethal challenge in "Let the Evil One Sleep" on p.66. Beware, gentle reader for stark raving terror awaits you.



Artist Richard Corben, whose work appears on page 26. Rendering by Dube.

EERIE, I've read more than my share of monster magazines like Creepy and Vampirella but yours is the greatest of all. If every issue is like EERIE #40, you've got it made. I'd like EERIE even better if you used more monsters like vampires and werewolves.

DUANE HUTCHINS
Kemelunk, Maine

I'd rate "The Brain of Frankenstein" in EERIE #40 a B because I didn't care for the plot all that much.

OWEN KUBIK
Park Forest, Ill.

EERIE #40 was terrific! Sanjilian's cover was gory and great. The Monster Gallery was hard to believe. "Pity the Grave Digger" was groovy!

MICHAEL T. HAYES
Sauk Village, Ill.

You've got the best writers and artists in the business, EERIE! I'm annoyed by the criticism that your people are unknowns. This may or may not be true but if they continue the great work they've started, they'll be known everywhere!

FRANK HOCHSTETLER
Cairo, Nebraska

EERIE FAN CLUB



You asked for it! Announcing the New EERIE FAN CLUB! Join now! Get your 8-1/2 X 10" portrait of Cousin Eerie by Richard Corben PLUS a fantastic Club Badge AND individually numbered Membership Card! Send \$2.00. Fill out the coupon now! Don't delay!

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LOOK INTO MY EYES!

Your will is my will. You are to do as I command: put pencil to paper and write me! Address mail to:

DEAR COUSIN EERIE
c/o Warren Publishing
145 East 32nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10016



A HIGH-PITCHED SCREAM--
A SENSE-SHATTERING
SHRIEK--HERALDS THE
APPROACH OF A STREAK-
ING XARGON WARSHIP--
FLASHING OUT OF
HYPERWARP--
RENDING THE VERY
FABRIC OF
SPACE AND
TIME!

SEVERAL STAR-
REBELS HAVE REJOINED--
CLUSTERS THE RULER OF FIVE ENSLAVED--
AGAINST THE RULER OF FIVE ENSLAVED--
TYRANNICAL, A NEW SUBDU THE INSURRECTION--
GALAXIES TO SUBDU THE INSURRECTION--
DEVELOPED SO VASTLY IN DEEPEST
A BOMB TESTED IN DEEPEST
BE SECRETLY SPACE--



SHIP-MASTER **ADRAM** POINTS
OUT THEIR DESTINATION TO WEAPON
SUPERVISOR **EVAN** / IN UTTER
SILENCE-- THEY BOTH MARVEL AT
THE SHIMMERING EMERALD PLANET--
SOON TO BE REDUCED TO DUST--



WHEN WE FAIL TO REPORT--THE MISSION WILL BE CONSIDERED A FAILURE--AND NO OTHER TESTS CONDUCTED!

FOR NOW--WE MUST SOMEHOW DISPOSE OF THE BOMB!



A CYCLOPEAN DRILL FILLS THE AIR WITH A KEEN WHINE--AS IT BITES DEEP INTO THE PLANET'S FLESH--GRINDING ITS WAY INCESSANTLY DOWNWARD.

SURVIVAL MECHANISMS BUILT INTO THE DEVICE PROTECT IT--PREVENT IT FROM BEING DISMANTLED---



BUT IT CAN BE BURIED--ENTOMBED IN A MILE-DEEP PIT--FOR EVER SAFE FROM ACCIDENTAL DETONATION!

I HOPE SO, ADAM!



YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT PEACE! I LOVE THE CALM SERENITY OF THIS NEW WORLD!

--OUR WORLD, EVAH! REMEMBER THAT--ALWAYS!



SEE--? ALREADY THE MINDLESS REPTILES FLOCK TO OUR LIFE--ACCELERATOR--HEED ITS MENTAL SUMMONS!

THE EXPLORERS SUDDENLY
REALIZE THEY'VE INTRUDED
ON A WEIRD, RELIGIOUS RITE--
AND FOR THE FIRST TIME
NOTICE THE GLEAMING,
GLINTING *STAR-100* THAT
IS BEING WORSHIPED---

ONG-GAWONGATONG-

JUST FEAST
YOUR GREED-
FILLED EYES
ON *THAT*,
JEFFERIES!

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT IT IS--
BUT WE'RE
TAKING IT BACK
WITH US!

THAT'S INSANE,
WE COULD NEVER
GET AWAY WITH
IT!

WARNING BURSTS OF MACHINE-
GUN FIRE SHATTERS THE JUNGLE
STILLNESS--AND CONTEMPTUOUS
NATIVES WATCH AS THE COPTER
CARRIES THEIR IDOL ALOFT--

MADE IT!
FROM NOW
ON--WE'RE
STRICTLY
BIG-TIME!



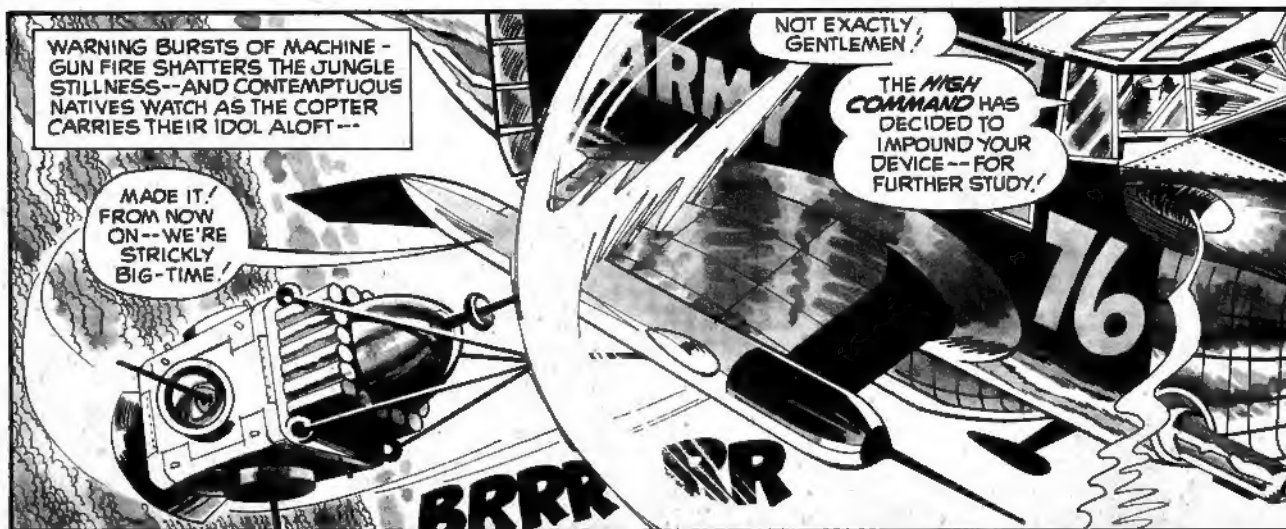
WANNA BET? ALL
IT TAKES IS ONE
LITTLE CALL TO AN
UP-COUNTRY
MILITARY BASE!

AND AFTER A SWIFT PLEA FOR AID--



THUD!
THAT
GROWING
WHINE--IT'S
A HOVER-
JET!

C'MON! WE
HAVE TO MAKE
OUR MOVE--
NOW!!



NOT EXACTLY,
GENTLEMEN!

THE *HIGH
COMMAND* HAS
DECIDED TO
IMPOUND YOUR
DEVICE--FOR
FURTHER STUDY!

AGAIN THE SCENE SHIFTS -- TO A TOP SECRET RESEARCH LAB WHERE A HUSHED AND HURRIED CONFERENCE HAS BEEN CALLED ---



SORRY ABOUT THE TIGHT SECURITY -- BUT WE HAVE TO DISCUSS A MATTER OF VITAL INTERNATIONAL CONCERN ---

--AS I'M SURE DR. DAVIS WILL EXPLAIN !

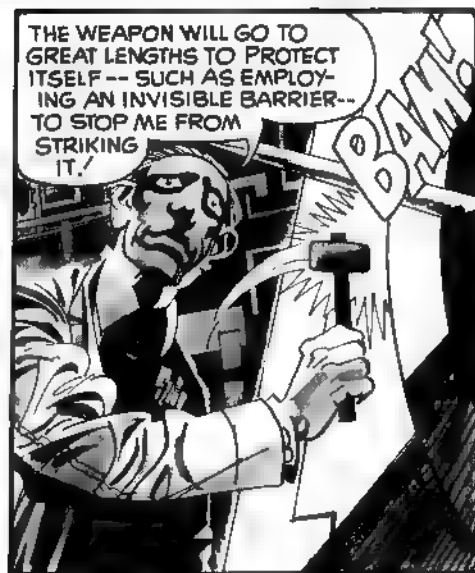


CERTAINLY -- / ON MY LEFT IS THE ALIEN INSTRUMENT RECENTLY UNCOVERED !

WE KNOW IT HAS THE DESTRUCTIVE POTENTIAL TO DEVASTATE AN ENTIRE GALAXY ---

--AND THAT IT IS ALSO INTELLIGENT -- POSSESSING A LEVEL OF CONSCIOUSNESS FAR EXCEEDING OUR OWN !

THE WEAPON WILL GO TO GREAT LENGTHS TO PROTECT ITSELF -- SUCH AS EMPLOYING AN INVISIBLE BARRIER -- TO STOP ME FROM STRIKING IT !



"THE ASTRAL MECHANISM CAN NOT BE DAMAGED OR DISARMED -- ONLY EXPLODED !"

"COMMANDER DOUG MCKEEN OF THE ASTRONAUT CORPS WILL BE PLACED IN HYBERNATION -- AND ACCOMPANY THE BOMB INTO UNCHARTED SPACE -- WHERE THE WEAPON CAN BE HARMLESSLY DETONATED !"



"UNFORTUNATELY -- MCKEEN WILL BE KILLED -- SLAIN BY THE ENSUING BLAST -- BUT HE HAS VOLUNTEERED TO SACRIFICE HIS LIFE -- SO THAT WE MAY LIVE !"



AND SO--
A SLUMBER-
ING MAN
AND AN
ALIEN KILLER-
MACHINE
ARE ROCKET-
ED HEAVEN-
WARD ON A
SCARLET
PILLAR OF
FLAME---

--AND AN
UNPARALLELED
SPACE
ODYSSEY
BEGINS---

TO ENSURE THE SUCCESS OF THE VOYAGE -- THE BOMB HAS BEEN LINKED TO THE SHIP'S COMPUTER SYSTEM / WHEN THE SUPER-WEAPON PROTECTS ITSELF FROM DANGER -- IT WILL ALSO SAVE THE STAR-CRAFT-- SINCE THE TWO ARE INEXORABLY JOINED AS ONE /



EONS PASS.
FISSION
ENGINES BLAZE
UNABATED.
THE XARGON
DEVICE
GUIDES THE
SHIP ON
COURSE--
PILOTS IT
THRU DEADLY
CLUSTERS OF
EMPYREAN
DEBRIS./

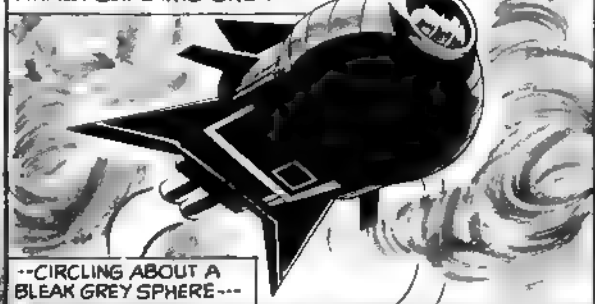


ALL THE WHILE-- MCKEEN WAITS
DREAMLESSLY-- WAITS FOR THE
MOMENT WHEN HE MUST
COMPLETE HIS MISSION---



---AND DIE!

AFTER INCALCULABLE CENTURIES
OF UNENDING FLIGHT-- THE SHIP
FINALLY SLIPS INTO ORBIT---



--CIRCLING ABOUT A
BLEAK GREY SPHERE---

--THE XARGON
HOMEWORLD!!

IS THIS MERE CHANCE ?
--AN ACT OF FATE ?--OR
IS THE INTELLIGENT BOMB
THAT WAS CONCEIVED
ON THE PLANET BELOW--
HOMESICK ??

BUT--THERE IS LITTLE TIME
TO PONDER SUCH QUESTIONS--
BECAUSE ---

[illegible]

WHEN A FUSILLADE OF BLISTERING DISINTO-
BLASTS PROVES TO BE USELESS--A MAGNETIC
SNARE-BEAM IS QUICKLY BROUGHT INTO PLAY---



FALLING-- BEING PULLED INTO AN IRRESISTIBLE POWER DIVE /

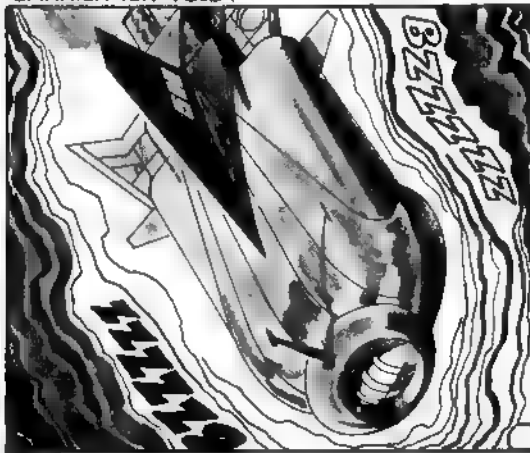
HAVE TO REACH THE CONTROLS-- BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE ---

--AND PRAY THE BOMB'S HIGH-ENERGY FORCE-FIELD CAN WITHSTAND A CRASH-LANDING!

HUNDREDS OF STARVING SUB-HUMANS -- REMNANTS OF THE LONG-FALLEN EMPIRE -- OPERATE AUTOMATIC DEFENSES THEY NO LONGER FULLY UNDERSTAND---



AWARE OF IMMINENT TERMINATION-- THE XARGON SUPER-WEAPON STRAINS ITS CAPACITIES TO THE UTMOST-- INCREASES THE FORCE-BARRIER TEN-FOLD!



RETRO-ROCKETS BOOM INTO LIFE--CRY SHRILLY! A BURNISHED, METAL HULL GRATES AGAINST STONE AND EARTH--RENDS--BUCKLES--SLAMS INTO A HALF-BURIED STRUCTURE ONCE PART OF A GLORIOUS CAPITAL!

McKEEN IS ALIVE
IN A WORLD OF
BARREN WASTE
AND DECAY---



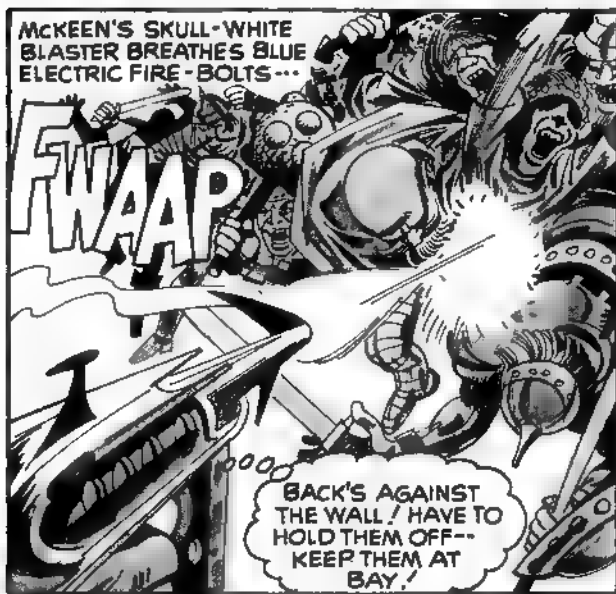
-- BUT NOT
FOR LONG!

THAT SOUND
BEHIND ME--
WHAT?

SLAVERING MAN-
THINGS-- A BARBARIAN
HORDE-- ATTACKING ME
WITH SWORDS AND
SPEARS!



McKEEN'S SKULL-WHITE
BLASTER BREATHES BLUE
ELECTRIC FIRE-BOLTS---



BUT-- NO! THEY'RE
SCRAMBLING OVER THEIR
DEAD-- STILL
COMING---

-- ARGHHH!

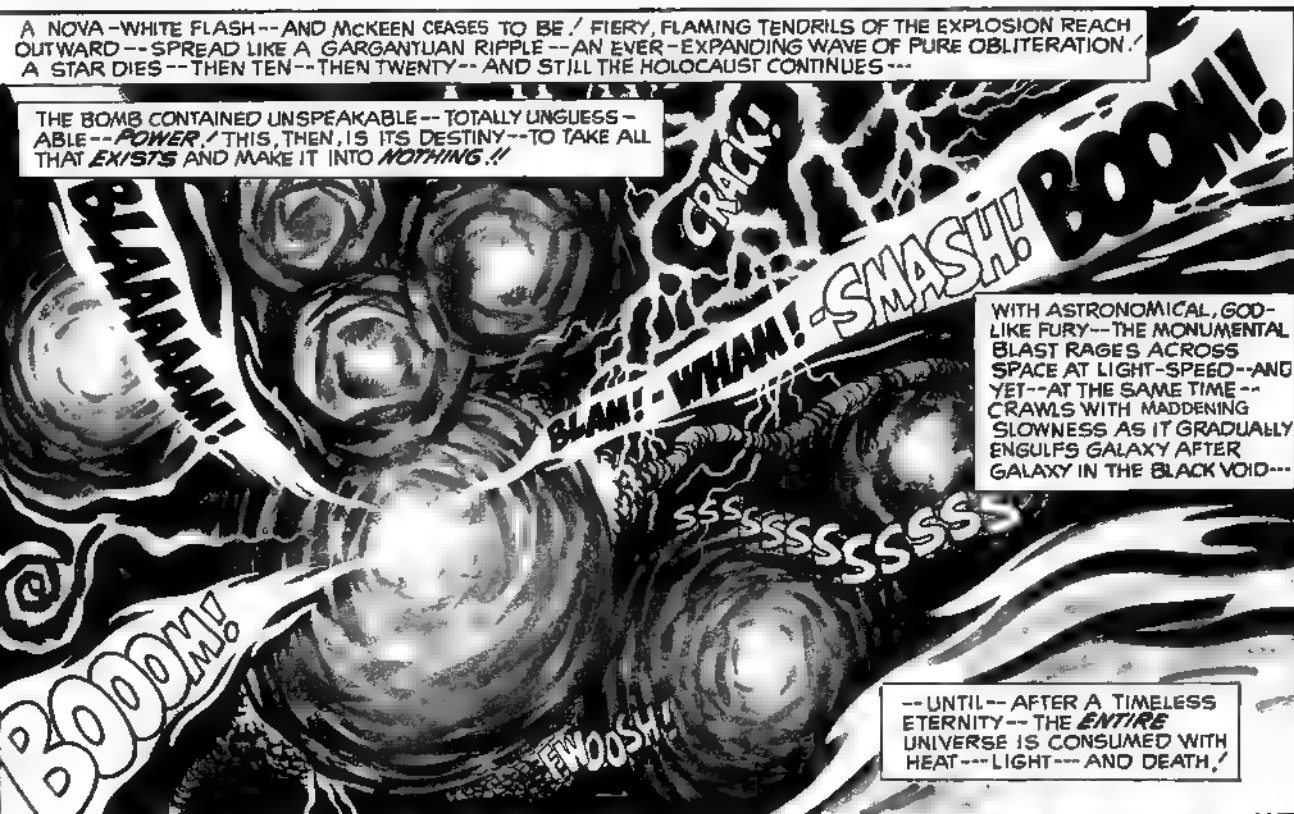


SUDDENLY, THE BOMB HUMS -- BECKONS -- CALLS TO MCKEEN --- AS IF REMINDING THE WOUNDED SPACEMAN OF HIS UNFINISHED MISSION!



A NOVA--WHITE FLASH--AND MCKEEN CEASES TO BE./ FIERY, FLAMING TENDRILS OF THE EXPLOSION REACH OUTWARD--SPREAD LIKE A GARGANTUAN RIPPLE--AN EVER-EXPANDING WAVE OF PURE OBLITERATION./ A STAR DIES--THEN TEN--THEN TWENTY--AND STILL THE HOLOCAUST CONTINUES---

THE BOMB CONTAINED UNSPEAKABLE--TOTALLY UNGUESS-
ABLE--**POWER**./ THIS, THEN, IS ITS DESTINY--TO TAKE ALL
THAT *EXISTS* AND MAKE IT INTO *NOTHING*!!



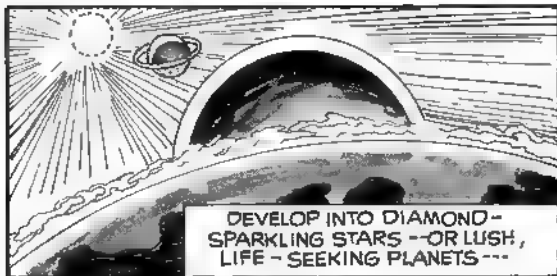
WITH ASTRONOMICAL, GOD-
LIKE FURY--THE MONUMENTAL
BLAST RAGES ACROSS
SPACE AT LIGHT-SPEED--AND
YET--AT THE SAME TIME--
CRAWLS WITH MADDENING
SLOWNESS AS IT GRADUALLY
ENGULFS GALAXY AFTER
GALAXY IN THE BLACK VOID---

--UNTIL-- AFTER A TIMELESS
ETERNITY-- THE *ENTIRE*
UNIVERSE IS CONSUMED WITH
HEAT---LIGHT--- AND DEATH./

FOR A NAMELESS,
UNKNOWN PERIOD--
THERE IS ONLY
EMPTINESS./ THEN
A COSMIC PHOENIX
STARTS TO RISE
FROM ITS OWN
COLD ASHES---

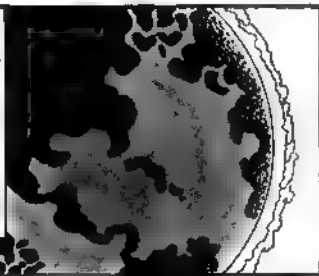


CLOUDS OF
SILENTLY-
SWIRLING
DUST TAKE
ON FORM---



DEVELOP INTO DIAMOND-
SPARKLING STARS--OR LUSH,
LIFE-SEEKING PLANETS---

AND IN ONE
INSIGNIFICANT
SECTOR OF SPACE--
-- THERE IS
A WORLD OF
DUBIOUS
DISTINCTION--
THIRD FROM
ITS SUN--
CALLED
EARTH./



AND ONE DAY-- EARTH WILL LUST FOR FAR-FLUNG POWER AND GLORY--
RULED WHERE THE XARGON ONCE HELD SWAY---

YES--ALL THIS
WILL COME
TO PASS---



SOMEDAY

PROLOGUE:



PROLOGUE:

HE HAD
KILLED A MAN!
PUMPED THREE
BULLETS IN AT
CLOSE RANGE.
HE WAS
CAUGHT,
BROUGHT TO
TRIAL, AND
SENTENCED
TO DEATH.
NOW, HE IS
WALKING
THAT LONG,
FINAL WALK...





COME IN, COME IN, YOU HOBNOBBING HOBGOBLINS! NOW THAT THE PROLOGUE HAS WARMED YOU UP, WE'LL GET TO THE **REAL** FUN AND GAMES, PARTICULARLY...

YOU FIND YOURSELF FLOATING, TUMBLING THROUGH INTENSE LIGHT, FAST WEIRD SHAPES, SOME TRANSPARENT, OTHERS SOLID. IS THIS A DREAM? IS IT INSANITY... FEAR... DEATH... OR... OR... **WHAT?**

Musical Chairs



LOOK!
WHADDAYA MAKE OF THAT!

LOOKS LIKE A CREATURE FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION!

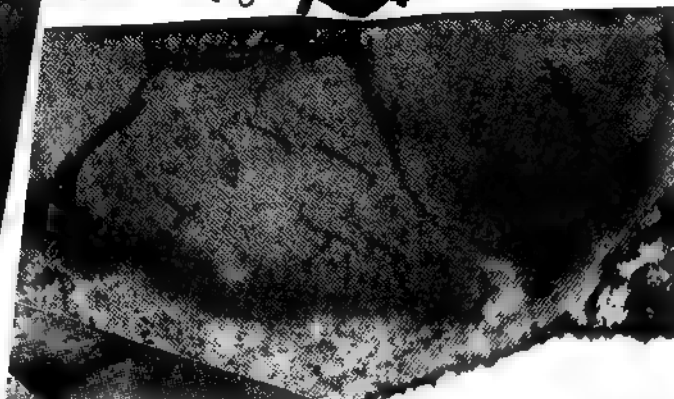
WHO KNOWS WHERE THEY COME FROM OR WHERE THEY GO! SEEMS LIKE THESE CREATURES ARE ALWAYS FLITTING BACK AND FORTH THROUGH OUR WORLD!

THERE ARE CHANGES WITHIN YOU! 'THE AIR HERE IS THICK AND PURE' WITH EACH BREATH, YOU FEEL STRONGER, YOUNGER, MORE ALIVE...

THEN, FINALLY...

PLOPP!

OMPHEE!





"WHEN YOUR FATHER WAS KING, WE WERE A POWERFUL PEOPLE. YOUR FATHER LED OUR WARRIORS TO MANY GLORIOUS CONQUESTS..."

BUT THE REBELS THAT OVERTHREW YOUR FATHER BELIEVE ONLY IN PEACE! OURS HAS BECOME A STAGNANT LAND! WE HAVE FORSAKEN ALL THE GLORIOUS, WARRING TRADITIONS...

BUT NOW THAT YOU ARE HERE, ALL THAT WILL CHANGE!

WE SHALL AGAIN BECOME GREAT CONQUERORS!





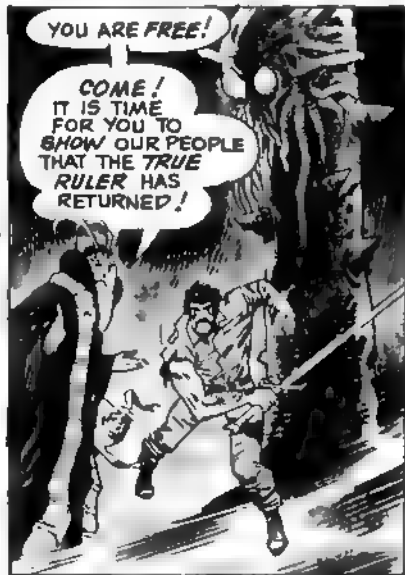
LIKE A MONSTROUS SNAKE, THE VINE WRAPS ITSELF ABOUT YOU, SQUEEZING HARDER AND HARDER...

YOU ARE CLOSE TO PASSING OUT... THE VINE HAS SQUEEZED ALL THE AIR FROM YOUR LUNGS... BUT STILL, YOU PIERCE IT WITH THE MYSTIC SWORD... AND THUS THE VINE CANNOT GROW TIGHTER, FOR IT HAS BECOME ROCK...



YOU INHALE DEEPLY, YOUR CHEST STRAINING AGAINST THE STONE COCOON...

AND, FINALLY...



AS YOU ENTER THE MAIN SQUARE OF THIS STRANGE KINGDOM, RESOUNDING CHEERS GREET YOU, THE VILLAGERS LOOK UPON THE GLEAMING SWORD YOU HOLD ALOFT...



THEN, SUDDENLY...

THE PALACE GUARDS! THEY DO NOT WISH YOU TO REGAIN THE THRONE! THE FOOLS BELIEVE IN PEACE! TO THEM, THE SWORD MEANS WAR!

WHAT'S...

YOU MUST FIGHT THEM!



THEY SHALL BE EASY TO SLAY!

THEY ARE WEAK, ACCUSTOMED TO PEACE THEY KNOW LITTLE OF BATTLE!

YOU MUST KILL THEM, IN THE NAME OF CONQUEST! SO THAT WE CAN AGAIN BECOME A GREAT WARRING POWER!



YOU FIGHT WITH EVERYTHING IN YOU, WITH ALL THE STRENGTH YOU CAN MUSTER...

...FOR THE PRIDE OF THIS STRANGE LAND IS WITHIN YOUR GRASP!

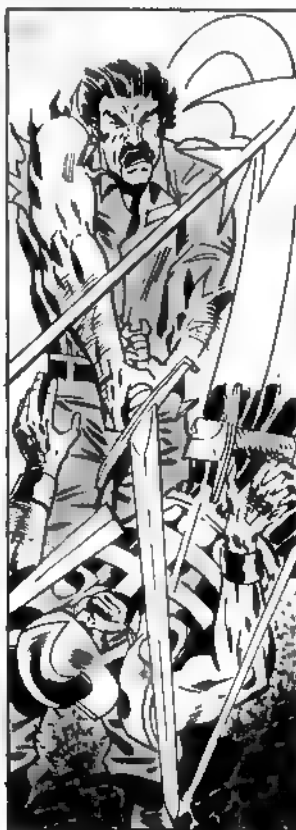


YOU ARE GREATLY OUT-NUMBERED...BUT STILL YOU HAVE AN ADVANTAGE!

...THE GREAT SWORD OF YOUR FATHER.

...WHOEVER'S SKIN YOU PIERCE IS THUS TURNED TO STONE...

...AND CRUMBLES, AS HE FALLS, INTO STONES AND PEBBLES...





SOON...

AT LAST YOU ARE NOW KING! THE GLORIOUS AGE IS WITH US ONCE MORE!

YOU WILL NOW OF COURSE EMBARK UPON CONQUESTS!

CONQUESTS! YOU KEEP SAYING THAT WORD AGAIN AND AGAIN! CAN'T YOU THINK ABOUT ANYTHING ELSE?!



OF COURSE WE WILL ENGAGE IN WARS! BUT, FIRST, I WANT SOME ENTERTAINMENT!

HOW ABOUT BRINGING ON SOME DANCING GIRLS!

AS YOU WISH, SIR!



AH, YES! THIS IS MORE LIKE IT!



AARRRRGGHHH!



HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED WHAT THESE GUYS ARE THINKING JUST BEFORE THEY GET THE JUICE??

SURE HAVE! ESPECIALLY THIS GUY! THE WAY HE BROKE OUT OF THE STRAPS AND STARTED FIGHTING US! BUT THEN, AT THE END, HE SEEMED TO BE ACTUALLY SMILING WHILE HE WAS SITTING THERE!

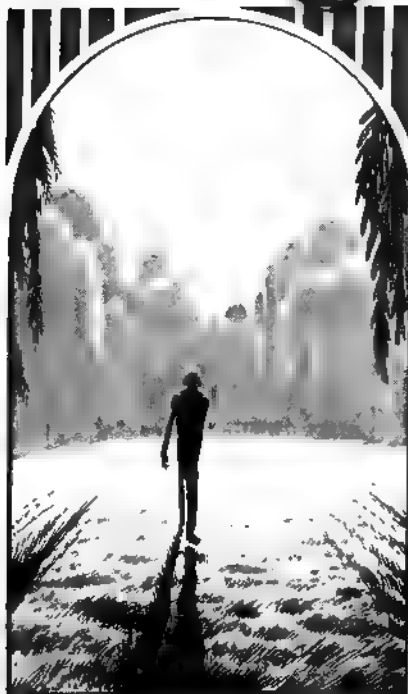
SURE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHAT WAS GOING ON IN HIS MIND! BUT WE'LL NEVER KNOW!

AND IF THAT CLIMAX ELECTRIFIED YOU KIDDIES... THINK HOW IT JOLTED GOOD OL' RAYMOND!





WE WANTED UNCLE REMUS TO INTRODUCE THIS STORY BUT THE REPORTS ARE THAT HE'S MYSTERIOUSLY DROPPED OUT OF SIGHT...



THE CASCADING WILLOWS WEeping AT THE DEPARTURE OF THE SUN, EVOKE AN AURA OF SEDUCTIVE BEAUTY...YET YOU CANNOT STOP TO ADMIRE THE HUSHED TABLEAU... FOR YOU ARE COMPELLED TO MAINTAIN YOUR ODDLY SHAMBLING GAIT...



THE OPPRESSIVENESS OF THE SWAMP AT DUSK, AS TURGID WATERS OOZE AROUND YOUR KNEES, INSPIRES WITHIN YOU A FOREBODING OF LURKING DANGER...BUT YOU ARE UNABLE TO QUICKEN YOUR PACE...YOU CAN ONLY SHUFFLE FORWARD WITH UNIFORMLY SLUGGISH STEPS...



BUT SOON THE RAMSHACKLE STABLE IS IN SIGHT, AND YOU FEEL THE DREARY MOOD OF RETURNING HOME...

BUT AT LEAST YOU HAVE A HOME NOW, A PLACE TO RETURN TO AFTER THE DAY'S EXACTING TOIL...UNLIKE BEFORE... WHEN YOU AIMLESSLY PROWLED THE DINGEY STREETS OF NEW ORLEANS, SLEEPING IN BACK ALLEYS, YOUR BELLY FILLED WITH THE SEARING BITE OF HARD LIQUOR UNTEMPERED BY FOOD...YES, YOU HAVE A HOME NOW, AND YOU OWE IT ALL TO THE MAN WHO STANDS BEFORE YOU... YOU OWE IT TO ...

BRIGHT EYES!



WELL, JOSHUA, YOU'RE LATE TONIGHT. YOU MUST HAVE STAYED IN THE FIELDS LONGER THAN THE OTHERS TODAY. GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE SO CONSCIENTIOUS... GO ON INSIDE TO REST WITH THE OTHERS.

YOU GROPE WITH THE FEELING OF GRATITUDE, AND YOU SEARCH FOR A WAY TO EXPRESS IT TO BRIGHT EYES... BUT YOU KNOW THE WORDS CANNOT COME...

YOU OPEN THE DOOR TO YOUR HOME AND YOU JOIN YOUR BROTHERS. TOMORROW YOU WILL AGAIN BE ABLE TO SEE YOUR MASTER BRIGHT EYES ... BUT NOW HE IS GONE...

MASTER FARQUAND! THERE'S A TELEPHONE CALL FOR YOU! IT'S MR. HARTMAN, SIR.

WELL, GO ON, JOSHUA. GET INSIDE THE STABLE WITH THE OTHERS.

Y-YES, MASTER.. BRIGHT EYES...

HARTMAN? WHAT THE HELL DOES HE WANT NOW?

WHAT? LOOK, HARTMAN, I'VE WORKED HARD TO CORNER THE COTTON MARKET IN THIS AREA AND I'M NOT ABOUT TO LET YOU HORN IN ON MY TERRITORY NOW! YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS... I SWEAR IT!

WHAT? OH, DON'T YOU WORRY, HARTMAN, I'LL STOP YOU ALL RIGHT... I'VE GOT MY WAYS...

NO, I DON'T HAVE ANY SCRUPLES... AND IF I DID, I'D PUT THEM ON THE OPEN MARKET FOR A PROFIT! GOOD EVENING, HARTMAN!

THE LEAPING FLAMES SPEAR AT YOUR EYES PAINFULLY... BUT FOR ALL THE FIRES BRILLIANCE, IT IS NOTHING MORE THAN A FEEBLE CANDLE GLOW IN CONTRAST TO THE INTENSITY OF BRIGHT EYES' STARE... YOU LISTEN IN REVERENCE TO THE SONOROUS DRONE OF HIS COMMANDS...

IT IS GOOD TO STALK WITH YOUR BROTHERS THROUGH THE NIGHT. EVEN THE TANGLED SWAMP AND THE PLACID BAYOUS BECOME YOUR FRIENDS AS NOCTURNAL BIRDS HERALD YOUR RELENTLESSLY METHODOLOGICAL PASSING... YES, IT IS GOOD TO CARRY OUT THE WISHES OF BRIGHT EYES...

THE MAN CALLED HARTMAN IS EVIL! HE WISHES TO DESTROY US... TO TAKE AWAY YOUR HOME... YOUR LIVES! BUT WE WILL NOT ALLOW HIM TO DO THIS. YOU WILL DESTROY HIM FIRST! NOW, GO!



WILL THERE BE ANYTHING ELSE, MASTER HARTMAN?

NO. YOU CAN LEAVE FOR THE NIGHT NOW. I WISH TO BE ALONE TO CONTEMPLATE THE POSSIBLE RAMIFICATIONS OF MY RECENT BUSINESS ACQUISITIONS.



YOU GLISTEN WITH SWEAT, CAKED WITH MIRE FROM THE SWAMP WHEN YOU FINALLY SEE THE MANSION... AND THE SINGLE LIGHT WHICH PINPOINTS YOUR PREY...



FARQUAND'S A FOOL TO REFUSE MY OFFER OF AMALGAMATION. WITH THE DEAL I JUST CLOSED I'LL EASILY BE ABLE TO UNDERCUT HIS PRICES AND FORCE HIM INTO RUIN! A NEW LIFE OF UNLIMITED PROSPERITY NOW BECKONS BEFORE ME...

HOW STRONG YOU FEEL IN THE PRESENCE OF YOUR BROTHERS... NOTHING CAN IMPEDE THE PROGRESS OF YOUR MARCH...



FARQUAND'S THREATS DON'T FRIGHTEN ME EITHER! HE'S DESPERATE... GRASPING AT STRAWS. THERE'S NOTHING HE CAN DO TO ME NOW...



YOU ARE STRONG, AND IT IS GOOD TO UTILIZE YOUR STRENGTH... YOU REVEL IN THE FEEL OF RENDING FLESH AND SNAPPING BONES...



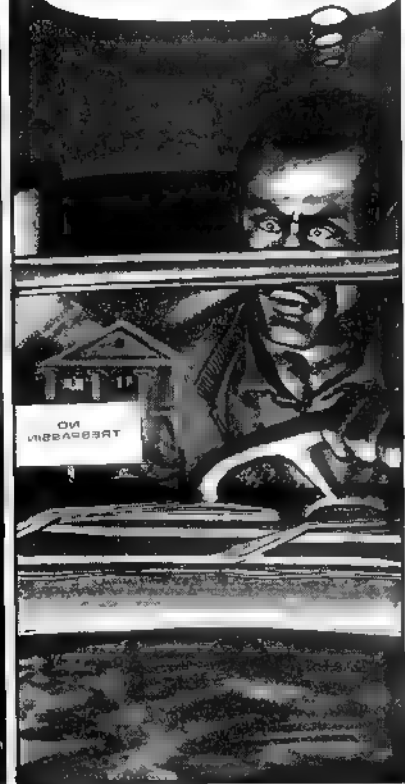
YES, BRIGHT EYES WILL BE PLEASED WITH YOUR WORK THIS NIGHT... EVEN MORE PLEASED THAN HE IS WITH YOUR WORK IN THE FIELDS BY DAY...



GET OUT OF HERE! DO YOU HEAR ME? YOU STINKING NIGGERS GET OUT OF MY HOUSE!



THIS MUST BE THE PLACE... I JUST HOPE THIS ISN'T ANOTHER FALSE LEAD...



MR. FARQUAND? MY NAME IS GEORGE BENNET... FROM CHICAGO! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TRACE MY BROTHER FOR MONTHS NOW AND I WAS INFORMED THAT YOU HAVE AN EMPLOYEE NAMED JOSHUA WHO WORKS HERE...

YOU WERE INFORMED WRONG! KINDLY GET YOURSELF OFF MY GROUNDS... I HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO WASTE TALKING WITH THE LIKES OF YOU!



YOU SLIMEY BIGOT! THIS FANCY MANSION DOESN'T GIVE YOU ANY PRIORITIES IN RESPECT, MISTER! NOW ARE YOU...

I SAID CLEAR OUT OF HERE, BOY... BEFORE I CALL THE POLICE TO HAVE YOU ARRESTED FOR TRESPASSING!



LISTEN, FARQUAND, THAT KIND OF TALK SHOULD HAVE GONE OUT WITH THE SLAVE SHIPS! NOW ARE YOU GOING TO ACCORD ME THE COURTESY OF A FEW MOMENTS OF YOUR TIME OR DO I HAVE TO...

I'M NOT GOING TO ACCORD YOU ANYTHING BUT THE ORDER TO GET OFF MY PROPERTY WITHIN FIVE MINUTES. MAYBE YOU THINK YOU CAN COME ON ALL UPPITY AND SOPHISTICATED WHERE YOU COME FROM UP NORTH... BUT BY GOD, DOWN HERE IN LOUISIANA YOU'D BETTER LEARN YOUR PLACE... BOY!



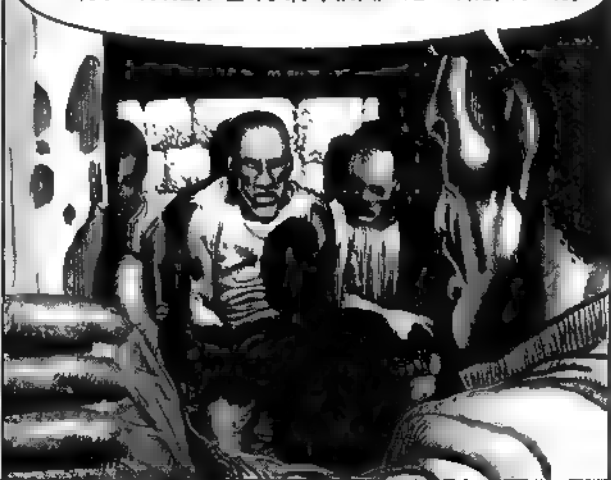
THE DIRTY, POMPOUS... WAIT A MINUTE, MAYBE HE'S HIDING SOMETHING... MINIMUM WAGE LAWS AND FAIR PRACTICE STATUTES MAY HAVE MADE THEIR WAY DOWN HERE, BUT I'LL BET MY LAST 'YASSUH' THAT THE LOCAL CONSTABULARY ISN'T BREAKING THEIR NECKS TO UPHOLD THEM...



GOT TO FIND OUT IF JOSHUA'S HERE. I DIDN'T COME ALL THE WAY FROM THE WINDY CITY JUST TO TURN AROUND AND GO BACK...



JOSHUA! THANK GOD I'VE FINALLY FOUND YOU. IT'S ME... GEORGE, YOUR BROTHER. YOU PROBABLY DON'T RECOGNIZE ME, JOSHUA... I WAS ONLY TEN WHEN I RAN AWAY TO CHICAGO...

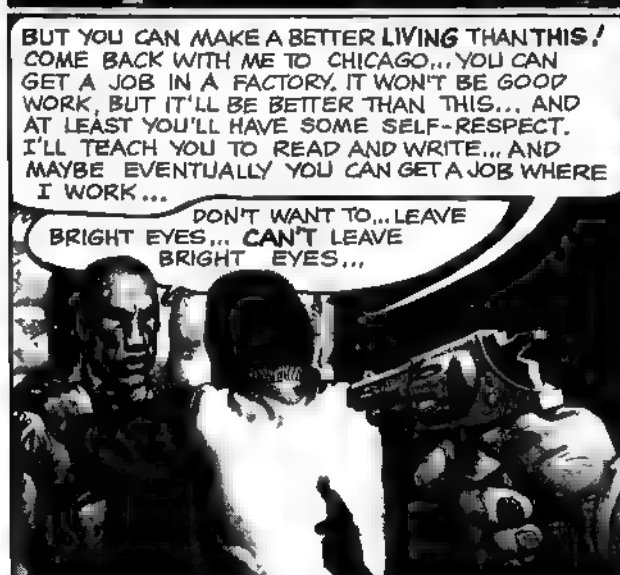


YOU WONDER WHO THIS STRANGE MAN IS, WHAT HE WANTS, AND MOST OF ALL... WHY HE'S COME HERE TO DISRUPT YOUR LIFE WITH BRIGHT EYES...



JOSHUA, WHAT'S WRONG? ARE YOU SICK? YOU LOOK AS IF YOU'RE IN A TRANCE. WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THIS PIG STY?

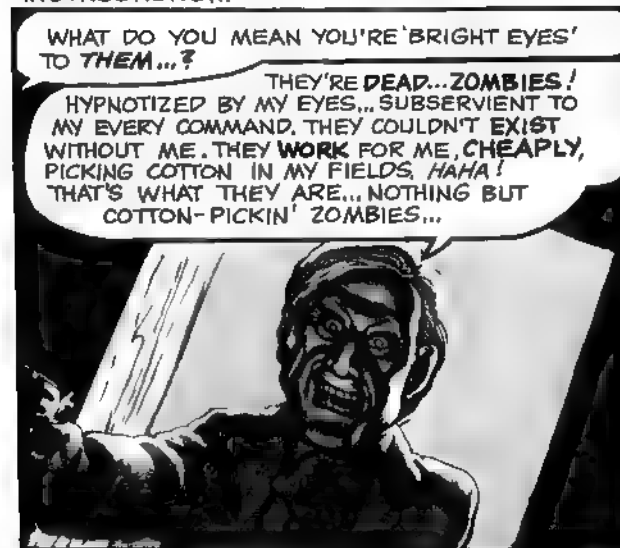
THIS IS MY HOME...



BUT YOU CAN MAKE A BETTER LIVING THAN THIS! COME BACK WITH ME TO CHICAGO... YOU CAN GET A JOB IN A FACTORY. IT WON'T BE GOOD WORK, BUT IT'LL BE BETTER THAN THIS... AND AT LEAST YOU'LL HAVE SOME SELF-RESPECT. I'LL TEACH YOU TO READ AND WRITE... AND MAYBE EVENTUALLY YOU CAN GET A JOB WHERE I WORK...

DON'T WANT TO... LEAVE BRIGHT EYES... CAN'T LEAVE BRIGHT EYES...

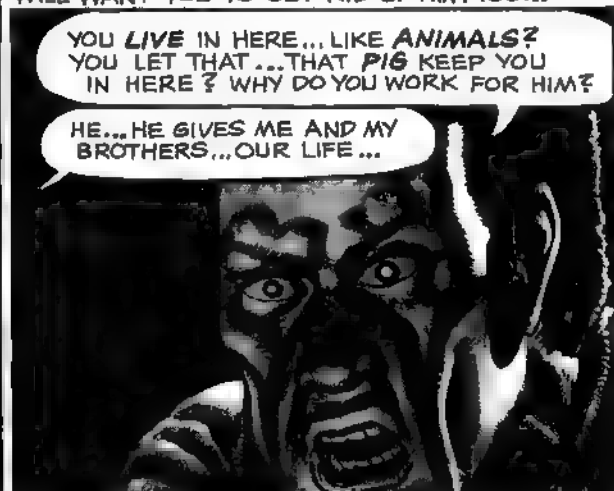
YOU WERE RIGHT, BRIGHT EYES MUST NOT LIKE THIS MAN... BUT YOU WILL WAIT FOR HIS INSTRUCTIONS...



WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU'RE 'BRIGHT EYES' TO THEM...?

THEY'RE DEAD... ZOMBIES! HYPNOTIZED BY MY EYES... SUBSERVIENT TO MY EVERY COMMAND. THEY COULDN'T EXIST WITHOUT ME. THEY WORK FOR ME, CHEAPLY, PICKING COTTON IN MY FIELDS, HAHA! THAT'S WHAT THEY ARE... NOTHING BUT COTTON-PICKIN' ZOMBIES...

WHY IS THIS MAN BECOMING ANGRY? PERHAPS HE IS ANOTHER ONE TAINTED WITH EVIL... LIKE HARTMAN. MAYBE BRIGHT EYES WILL WANT YOU TO GET RID OF HIM TOO...



YOU LIVE IN HERE... LIKE ANIMALS? YOU LET THAT... THAT PIG KEEP YOU IN HERE? WHY DO YOU WORK FOR HIM?

HE... HE GIVES ME AND MY BROTHERS... OUR LIFE...



BRIGHT EYES? WHO THE DEVIL IS BRIGHT... HUHN?

I'M BRIGHT EYES... AT LEAST TO THEM!

...AND THEY DO OTHER THINGS FOR ME TOO. BUT I WON'T LET THEM KILL YOU... THEY'D MUTILATE YOU TOO BADLY. NO, I'LL KILL YOU MYSELF... AND THEN RAISE YOU FROM THE DEAD TO BECOME ANOTHER ONE OF MY... EMPLOYEES.



YOU'RE INSANE! THESE MEN ARE SICK... FROM MISTREATMENT... BUT THEY CAN'T BE DEAD...!

THEY'RE DEAD, ALL RIGHT... THE WALKING DEAD. SURELY YOU'VE HEARD OF VODOO? I FOUND YOUR PRECIOUS BROTHER ROTTING IN THE GUTTER OF NEW ORLEANS' LATIN QUARTER, HIS CORPSE REEKING OF CHEAP GIN... JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHERS! AND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO JOIN THEM...



...AND YOU KNOW...EVEN BEFORE YOU SEE HIM CRUMPLE LIFELESSLY TO THE STABLE FLOOR... THAT BRIGHT EYES IS DYING...YOU KNOW BECAUSE YOU ARE ALSO DYING...



YOU WATCH IN ALARM AS THE INTRUDER LEAPS AND GRAPPLES WITH BRIGHT EYES...



...AND YOU REALIZE, AS YOUR LIFE GRADUALLY EBBS AND FADES AWAY FOR THE SECOND TIME, THAT YOUR PERVERSE AND UNNATURAL EXISTENCE IS NOT WORTH CLINGING ON TO...AND THAT THERE IS A PLACE IN THE WORLD...



...AND YOU LONG TO AID YOUR MASTER, BUT KNOW THAT YOU ARE HELPLESS WITHOUT HIS COMMANDS...AND THEN THE MUFFLED EXPLOSION BURSTS THROUGH THE STABLE...



.. ONLY FOR THE TRULY LIVING...



GUESS YOU MIGHT SAY OLD JOSHUA AND HIS FRIENDS WERE DEAD ON THEIR FEET! I'VE HEARD OF SOUTHERN COMFORT BUT THEY GOT A LITTLE CARTED AWAY.





EERIE'S BOOK REVIEWS

GREEN LANTERN

by Denny O'Neil & Neal Adams
160 pages, Paperback Library, 75¢

When this book was unleashed, last Spring, it vanished from New York bookstores in the twinkling of an eye. With good reason. It contains the first two Denny O'Neil/Neal Adams collaborations of the now legendary GREEN LANTERN /GREEN ARROW comic book saga, which for a little more than a year, expanded the realm of comic book art. It dealt for the first time in comics with some real, and un-"campy" super-evils, bigotry, drug-addiction, poverty and pollution. A comics Greening of America.

Credit for the controversial series rightly falls upon author Denny O'Neil and superb illustrator Neal Adams.

There's an old 6-page Lantern origin story, and two "novels"—"No Evil Shall Escape my Sight," and "Journey to Desolation." In the first "novel" a slumlord is given a working over, comic book style. In the other, conditions in an archtypical Appalachian mining town are exposed to the two questing superheroes. The Robin Hood-like Green Arrow, you see, has persuaded goody two-shoes Green Lantern to stop being a cosmic errand boy for the Guardians of the Universe, and to take a good hard look at the problems ordinary Americans have to put up with.

O'Neil's Green Arrow analyzes "Some hideous moral cancer is rotting our VERY SOULS!"

THE GHOULS

Edited by Peter Haining
400 pages, Pocket Books \$1.25

This is one of the best buys (in wordage) you can get. There's 400 pages of stories that have been turned into 18 horror and fantasy films, plus 16 pages of photos from these films, plus a filmography, giving cast and credits, plus an introduction by Vincent Price, and an afterword by Christopher Lee. The book has everything but FM Editor Forry Ackerman.

There's not much more to say, but that everyone will have favorites (mine's Stephen Vincent Benet's "The Devil and Daniel Webster," filmed as "All That Money Can Buy").

To whet your appetite, other contents are: "Devil in a Convent," by Francis Oscar Mann, Poe's whimsical "Dr. Tarr & Prof. Fether," Nathaniel Hawthorne's "The Scarecrow," "Phantom of the Opera," by Gaston Leroux, "The Magician," (based on the old fraud Satanist, Alister Crowley) by Somerset Maugham; "Freaks," by Tod Robbins, Richard Connell's "Most Dangerous Game," Bram Stoker's "Dracula's Daughter," (really a werewolf tale); R.L. Stevenson's "The Body Snatcher," W.F. Harvey's "Beast With 5 Fingers," Ray Bradbury's "The Foghorn," (Beast From 20,000 Fathoms); Langelaan's "The Fly," Bierce's "Owl Creek Bridge," Lovecraft's "Colour Out of Space," Robert Bloch's "The Skull," and Poe, again, with "The Oblong Box."

Quite an assortment to choose from. As Alfred Hitchcock has said: "Horror is a matter of taste—and I don't mean the blood."

HAUNTINGS AND HORRORS

Edited by Alden H. Norton
171 Pages, Bantam Books, 60¢

Alden Norton sure knows how to unearth them. And the biographical info supplied by Sam Moskowitz about the authors (some of whom were also illustrators, architects and such), is as interesting as the stories themselves. And the stories are pretty darn good.

Half of the 10 tales were published about the turn of the century, and few have been anthologized before. "The Delusion of Ralph Penwin" is a Faustian tale by Julian Hawthorne (Nathaniel H's son), printed in COSMOPOLITAN magazine in 1909. When did you last hear of a good (or any) horror yarn appearing in COSMOPOLITAN? Horror was highbrow, back then. In 1911, COSMO praised the work of Robert W. Chambers, particularly his "The Maker of Moons," printed in this collection; a fantastic cross between a Sherlock Holmesish "Yellow Peril" story, and some very Bradburyesque prose-poetry, written before Ray Bradbury was even born. And Ray Bradbury's neat but neglected corpse-eye-view tale, "It Burns Me Up!" is here, too. As is black humorist Robert Bloch's grim little extended anecdote, "Head Man."

This reviewer even found a story by H.P. Lovecraft that's actually frightening. "The Temple," another neglected story. Don't neglect this anthology.

TALES FROM THE CRYPT

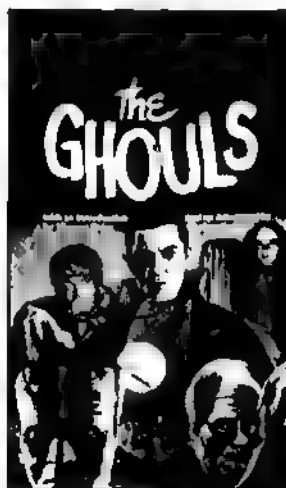
adapted by Jack Oleck
121 pages, Bantam Books, 75¢

This is the fourth incarnation of the five stories in this book.

Just to confound you: they first appeared in the early 1950's, in various good ol' EC horror comic books (before the lily-sweet Comics Code Authority assassinated the EC line). In the early 1960's, they appeared in a short line of Ballantine EC paperback reprints. Then in the 1970's, one Milton Subotsky took the general themes of the five grisly stories, and the notion of the Cryptkeeper, and spun them all into a hit British horror quintet film, TALES FROM THE CRYPT, which features (among others) Patrick Magee, Joan Collins, Peter Cushing, and as Cryptkeeper, Sir Ralph Richardson. Now, veteran comic book writer Jack Oleck has turned Subotsky's screenplay to prose.

It's a pretty faithful rendition. To the film, that is. Oleck nicely fleshes out with motivation and description the characters and settings, and tames down the more elaborate gore.

If you missed the film, or saw it and liked it, and/or you are an EC comics fan-addicted completist, this is for you—like American grown tea, boiled in an English kettle, and poured back into an American cup. Care for one lump in your throat, or two?



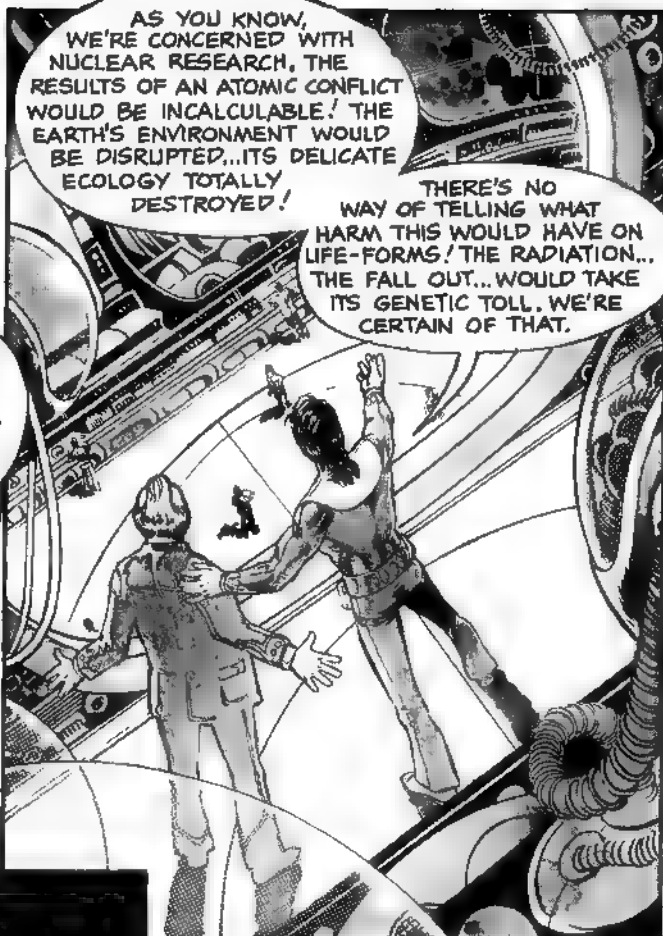
PROLOGUE



YOU'RE LATE, SENATOR.

YES, SMITH, BUT CAN WE MAKE THIS TOUR QUICK? I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO FILIBUSTER A WAR AMENDMENT.

CERTAINLY, SIR!



AS YOU KNOW, WE'RE CONCERNED WITH NUCLEAR RESEARCH, THE RESULTS OF AN ATOMIC CONFLICT WOULD BE INCALCULABLE! THE EARTH'S ENVIRONMENT WOULD BE DISRUPTED...ITS DELICATE ECOLOGY TOTALLY DESTROYED!

THERE'S NO WAY OF TELLING WHAT HARM THIS WOULD HAVE ON LIFE-FORMS! THE RADIATION... THE FALL OUT... WOULD TAKE ITS GENETIC TOLL. WE'RE CERTAIN OF THAT.



THAT'S WHY WE'VE DEVELOPED ISOTOPE K-5!



FARNSWORTH! BRING A SAMPLE OF THAT NEW EXPLOSIVE YOU'RE WORKING ON... TO SHOW THE SENATOR.

YES SIR!

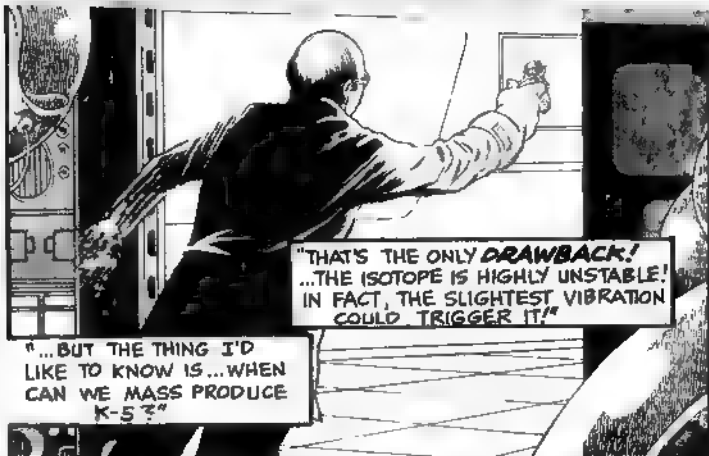


THIS NEW ISOTOPE IS SO **POWERFUL**...IT DWARFS OUR LARGEST HYDROGEN BOMBS! ...VIRTUALLY STAGGERS THE IMAGINATION.

"WE NEED SUCH AWESOME WEAPONS TO MAINTAIN WORLD PEACE. AFTER ALL, THE BEST DEFENSE IS A STRONG OFFENSE, RIGHT, SENATOR?"

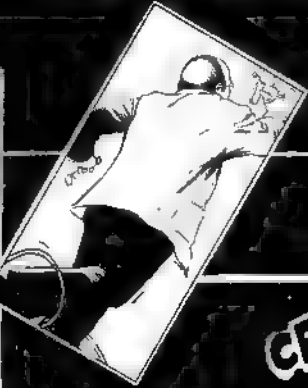


"GLAD WE SEE EYE TO EYE ON A FEW THINGS, SMITH. YOU'RE A GOOD AMERICAN."



"THAT'S THE ONLY **DRAWBACK!**...THE ISOTOPE IS HIGHLY UNSTABLE! IN FACT, THE SLIGHTEST VIBRATION COULD TRIGGER IT!"

"...BUT THE THING I'D LIKE TO KNOW IS...WHEN CAN WE MASS PRODUCE K-5?"



CRASH!



...A MUSHROOM CLOUD SUDDENLY APPEARS OVER NEW YORK, CAUSING BUILDINGS TO MELT LIKE WAX AND MIGHTY RIVERS TO VANISH INTO STEAM!



SOON THE GENERALS GAVE THEIR ORDERS, BELIEVING THE U.S. WAS UNDER ATTACK.



A COUNTER ATTACK WAS LAUNCHED UNTIL EVERY MAJOR CITY IN THE WORLD WAS REDUCED TO RUBBLE...



AND WHEN THE DEADLY FALL-OUT STORMS SUBSIDED...THERE IS STARVATION, PANIC, FOOD RIOTS... AND THE EVER CONSTANT MENACE OF **ATOMIC MUTANTS**.



BUT THIS LIES IN THE FORGOTTEN PAST. LET US BRIDGE THE COUNTLESS CENTURIES AS QUICKLY AS WE CAN...

...TO THE PRESENT...TO THE YEAR 14729

TAA A-RAAAA AAR-R

THE HUNTING
BUGLE...**THEY'VE**
FOUND MY
TRAIL!

ONLY A
MATTER OF
TIME... BEFORE
THEY CLOSE IN
ON ME!

...**SEE THAT MAN... THAT
TATTERED, FURTIVE FIGURE
RUNNING THROUGH THE
WOODS? WATCH THE
BRANCHES LASH HIS FACE...
FEEL THE BRAMBLES RAKE
HIS SKIN.**

...OBSERVE HIM NOW, THIS NAMELESS WRETCH
AS HE ATTEMPTS TO
ESCAPE FROM...

THE HUNT

MY SIDE...
ACHING...
BURNING
LIKE FIRE!

WISH I
COULD STOP
REST...
CATCH MY
BREATH!

BUT...
NO TIME...

R
P
P
P

NO TIME...

**RUN...
RUN...
RUN...**

**... LUNGS WORKING
LIKE BELLOWS...
GULPING AIR,
LEGS PUMPING.**

RUN...

RUN...

RUN

**SP
PA
P?**

**A TRAP...
PLACED TO
CATCH THE
UNWARY!**

**AND MY
ANKLE...
TWISTED!**

**CAN HARDLY
STAND THE
PAIN!**

**CAN'T
STOP THE
BLEEDING!**

**THE
HUNTING
HOUNDS WILL
PICK UP MY
SCENT FOR
SURE!**



I'D RATHER DIE
...THAN LET THEM
TAKE ME BACK
ALIVE!

AND IF
THE DOGS
GET ME...I'LL
BE RIPPED
TO BLOODY
SHREDS!

BUT...
SO
WHAT?



I'LL NEVER BE
THEIR SLAVE AGAIN.
I SWEAR IT!

AND REMEMBER
IT IS AN
HONOR TO SERVE
A ROYAL
BANQUET.

TAKE THIS
ROAST BOAR
TO THE
FEASTING
HALL...

NOW...
GO!



**I STAGGERED
UNDER THE TRAY'S
WEIGHT...**

HANDS SWEATING
...GETTING SLIPPERY,
CAN'T CARRY IT.

...UNTIL I COULDN'T
CARRY IT ANY LONGER.

WITLESS **FOOL!**
THE KING'S
SUPPER IS
RUINED!



TAKE THE
SLAVE TO THE
**LOWER
CHAMBERS!**

THE HARSH
REALITY OF PAIN
SHOULD TEACH HIM
THE **PRICE** OF
STUPIDITY!

I WAS BEATEN... SAVAGELY WHIPPED...



...UNTIL I BORDERED ON THE BRINK OF DEATH...

THEN...

THIS ONE
IS NO USE
TO ME
DEAD!

TAKE HIM
TO A CELL
AND FEED
HIM

HE MUST
BE **STRONG**...
WHEN I LASH
HIM **AGAIN**!
TOMORROW!

PRISONERS
AREN'T USUALLY
FED!

YOU'RE
LUCKY...
EVEN THOUGH
IT'S JUST BREAD
AND WATER.

I HAD TO
ESCAPE...
OR DIE
TRYING!

I KNEW I COULD NEVER
SURVIVE ANOTHER DAY...



ARGH

AT LAST...

...BUT, IT DIDN'T
LAST LONG!

ABSOLUTELY
FREE!

...I WAS
FREE.

...AFTER ALL THOSE YEARS...

ONLY CHANCE
I HAVE IS
LOSING THEM
IN THE **WILD
REGION**
AHEAD.



WHAT'S
THAT?



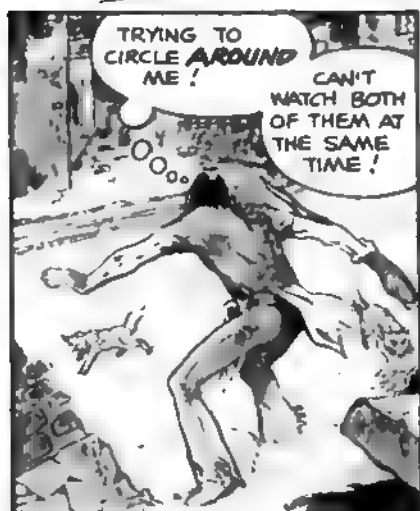
GOOD GOD...
NO!
THE DOGS!



THEIR BODIES
ARE **ARMORED**...
TO PROTECT THEM
FROM **RADIATION**!



HAVE TO GO
FOR THE HEAD...
ONLY VULNERABLE
SPOT!



TRYING TO
CIRCLE **AROUND**
ME!

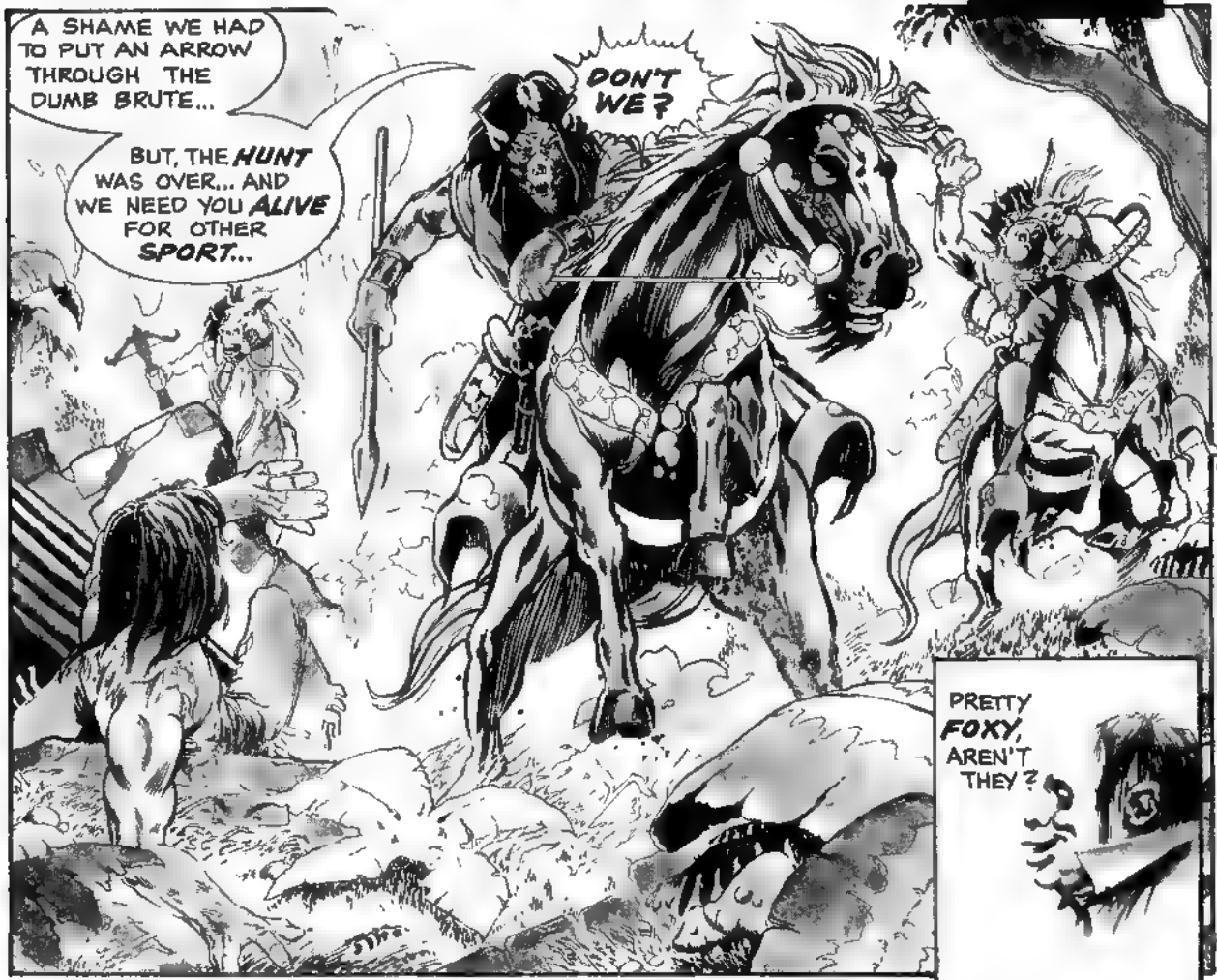
CAN'T
WATCH BOTH
OF THEM AT
THE SAME
TIME!

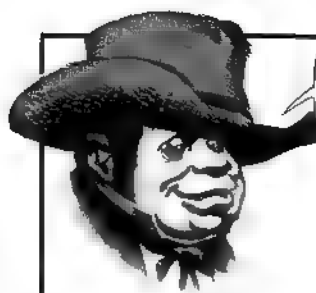


LEAPING
AT ME...ITS
UNDERSIDE
EXPOSED!

THIS SHOULD
FINISH IT!

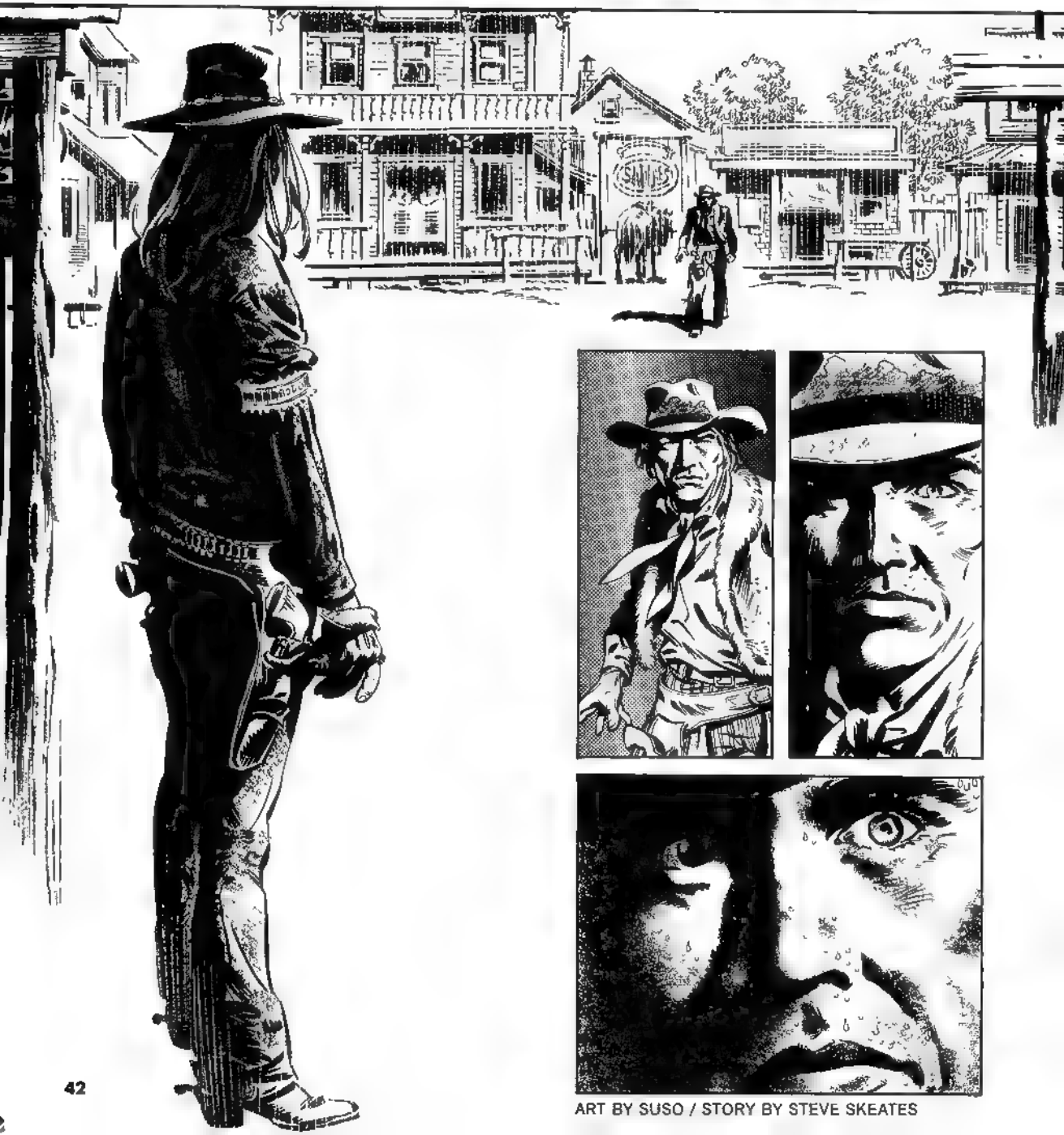
NO TIME TO
STOP THE
OTHER ONE...
JUMPING ME!





YOU MOVE WITH SLOW, DELIBERATE STRIDES DOWN THE DUSTY STREET. THE MAN YOU FACE IS PALE. HIS EYES SWIM WITH FEAR, UNCERTAINTY! YOU TINGLE WITH ANTICIPATION, EAGERNESS... EVEN THOUGH DEATH MAY AWAIT YOU AS YOU COME TO THIS...

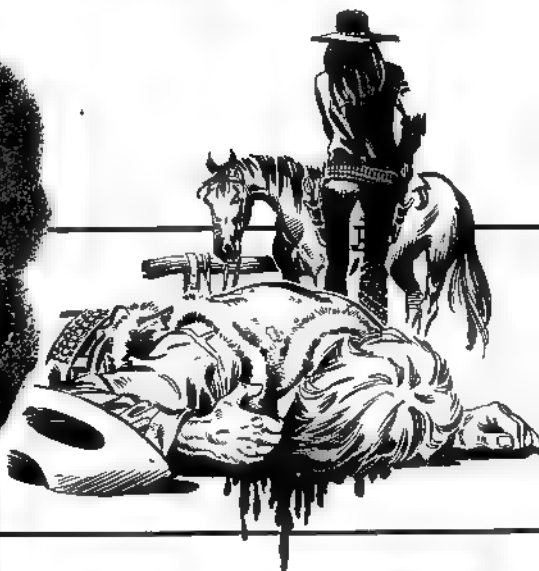
"SHOW'DOWN"



ART BY SUSO / STORY BY STEVE SKEATES



BLAM!



THAT RANCH
HAND WAS A
FOOL! HE
WANTED TO
TAKE ME ON!

MUSTA THOUGHT
HE WAS FAST!

WASN'T
FAST ENOUGH,
THOUGH!

BUT SINCE
HE **WANTED**
TO TAKE A CHANCE
WITH HIS LIFE, I
WAS **GLAD** TO
OBLIGE.

MUST
ADMIT--I
STILL ENJOY
THE FEELING
OF **POWER** I GET
WHENEVER I
KILL A MAN!

JUST THEN, THE
TRANQUILITY OF THE
LONELY MOUNTAIN
TRAIL IS SHATTERED
BY A RESOUNDING
"CRACK", AS HOT LEAD
TEARS INTO YOUR
SIDE...

UNNGH! AN
AMBUSH!

THERE HE
IS! UP IN THOSE
HILLS!

TOOK
IT **BAD**! GOTTA
FINISH THIS **FAST**--
THEN GET TO A
DOCTOR!

YOU LEAP FROM YOUR MOUNT
...AND SCRAMBLE FOR
COVER...

CAN'T SEE
'IM **CLEARLY**!
WONDER WHO
HE IS!

PROBABLY A
RELATIVE OF SOMEONE
I **KILLED**! OUT FOR **REVENGE**!
MUST HAVE SPOTTED ME **BACK**
THERE IN TOWN! AN'
TRAILED ME **ALL THE WAY**!

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

YOU SHOOT THREE, FOUR TIMES... AND
THEN THERE IS SILENCE...

HE'S BEIN'
MIGHTY **QUIET**
UP THERE!
COULD BE I
GOT 'IM!

...OR IT
COULD BE A
TRICK!



ONE THING'S
FOR SURE! CAN'T
JES' STAY HERE
WAITIN'
FOREVER!

NOT WITH
THIS WOUND!



RECKON
I'D BEST SLIP
ON UP THERE!
SEE IF I
GOT'IM!



BETTER
WATCH MY
STEP THOUGH.
COULD BE A
TRAP!



YOU'RE STARTING TO
FEEL WEAK...GROSSY...

WHEW!
WOUND MUST
BE WORSE THAN
I THOUGHT!
GETT'NG
DIZZY...

PLANES SHIFT... YOU STAGGER...
LOSE YOUR BALANCE...



THEN, AFTER A FEW SECONDS'
REST, YOU TAKE OFF AGAIN...

NO! I AIN'T
LEAVIN' TILL I'M
SURE THIS
HOMBRE'S DEAD!



MOMENTARILY, YOU
LEAN BACK AGAINST
A ROCK...

GOD! I'M
REALLY
BAD OFF!

MEBBE, ONCE
HE STOPPED
SHOOTIN', I
SHOULDA JES'
GOT BACK ON
MY HORSE AND
RODE BACK
INTO TOWN--
TO THE DOC'S!



CAN'T AFFORD
TO LET SOMEONE
WHO WANT S TO
KILL ME JE S' RUN
AROUN' LOOSE!
HE COULD PICK ME
OFF WHILE I TRIED
TO RIDE AWAY!

SUDDENLY...

WHA-?
THERE HE
IS!

ALIVE!



THIS IS IT,
FELLA! I'VE GOT
THE DROP ON
YOU!

HUNH?



A FAMILIAR FACE TURNS
TO STARE YOUR WAY...



THE RANCH
HAND!

NO! IT
CAN'T BE! HE'S
DEAD! I KILLED
HIM! BACK IN
THREEFORKS!



HE TRIES TO SWING HIS
RIFLE TOWARD YOU...

BUT AGAIN YOU
BEAT H.M. ...

BLAM!



GNNNG!

YOU PUMP THREE SLUGS
INTO HIM... AND WATCH HIS
BODY SQUIRM...



BLAM!
BLAM!

AND YOU
LAUGH...

BUT THEN, WHEN YOU
LOOK BACK, HE'S GONE,
HIS BODY HAS VANISHED...

AND SUDDENLY
YOU REALIZE.
HE HADN'T BEEN
THERE AT ALL. IT
WAS AN
HALLUCINATION...
CAUSED BY YOUR
WEAKNESS... BY
YOUR WOUND...
AND PERHAPS BY
SOME FAINT
VESTAGE OF
GUILT THAT STILL
EXISTED
SOMEWHERE
DEEP WITHIN YOU.

WHA-?
BUT HOW...?

THEN YOU HEAR IT... A
DISTINCTIVE CLICK
FROM BEHIND YOU...
A GUN HAMMER
BEING PULLED BACK.
THE **REAL**
BUSHWACKER... THE
MAN WHO WISHES
TO KILL YOU, WHOEVER
HE MAY BE...

YOU TRY TO WHIRL
ABOUT... BUT THERE
ISN'T TIME...

BLAM!
BLAM!

WITH YOUR DYING EYES YOU
LOOK UP AT THE MAN WHO
HAS KILLED YOU... A MAN
YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN
BEFORE! AND BEHIND
HIM YOU HEAR THE LAUGH-
TER OF ALL THE MEN YOU
KILLED! VENGEANCE HAS
COME AT LAST!!!

THAT'S IT, MY BEASTLY
LITTLE BUCKEROOS! ALL
OUR GHOULISH GUNSLINGIN
IS DONE! IF YOU'LL EXCUSE
ME, I GOT TO SADDLE UP
AND RIDE! **WHAT** AM I
RIDING...? A **NIGHTMARE**,
WHAT ELSE?

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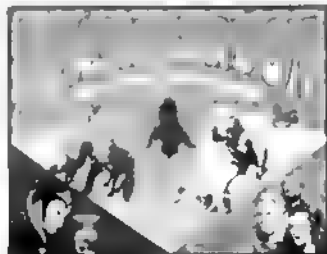
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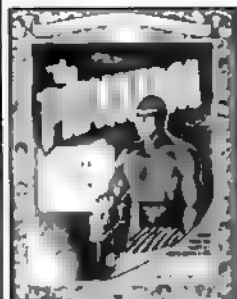
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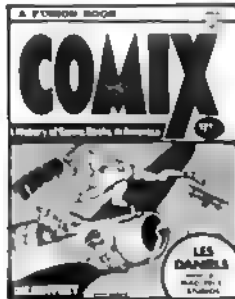
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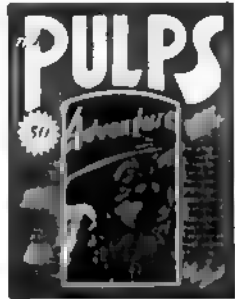
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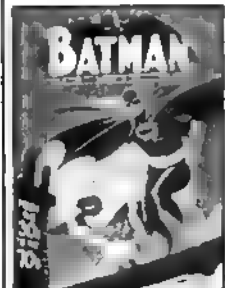
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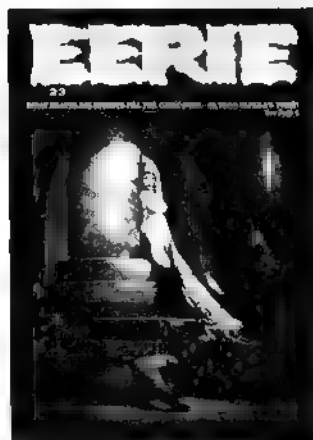
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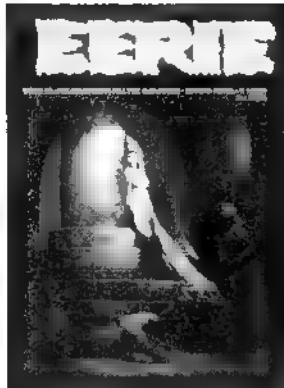
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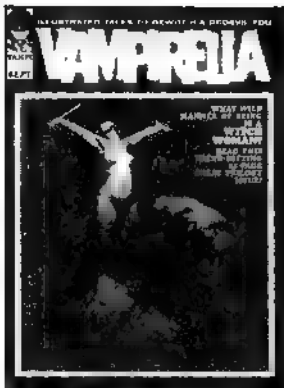
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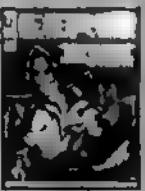
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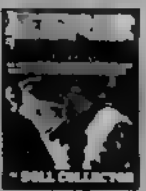
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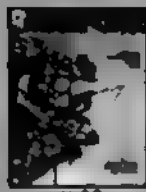
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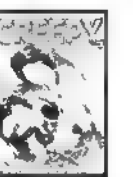
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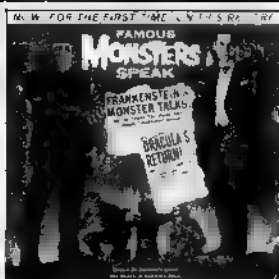
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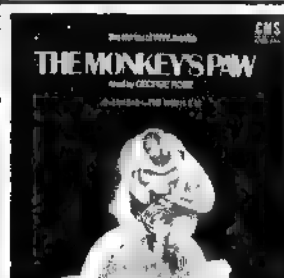
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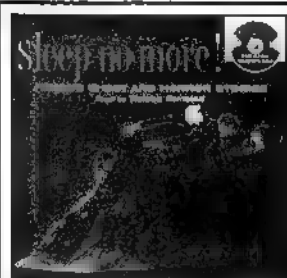
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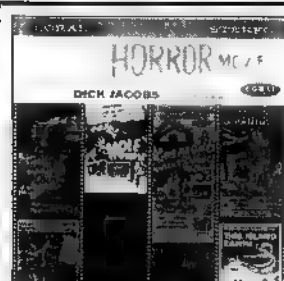
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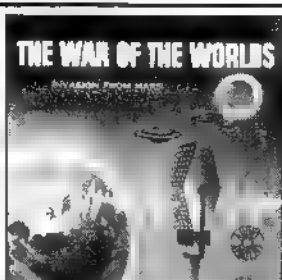
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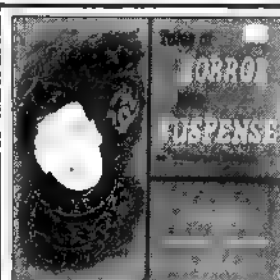
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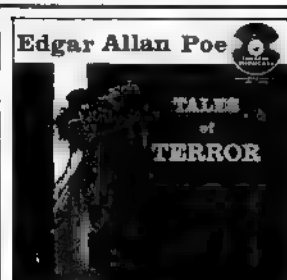
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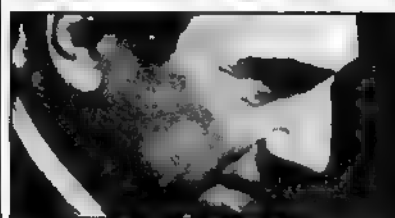
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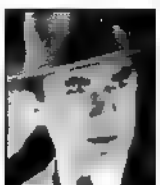
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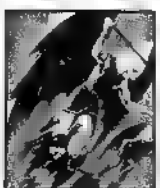
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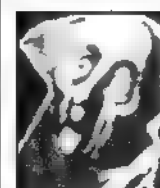
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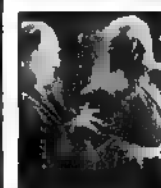
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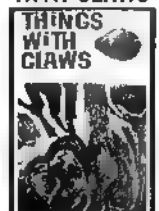
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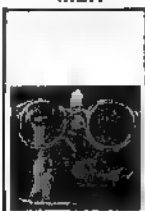
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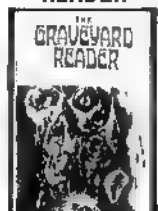
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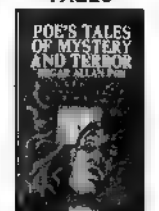
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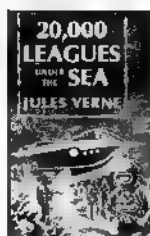
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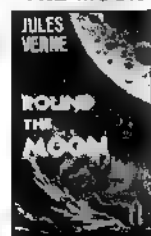
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WRITER'S PROFILE: RICHARD MARGOPOULOS



Writer Richard Margopoulos, whose Science Fiction epic "Someday" appears on p.6.

Writing this piece is a real ego-trip. After all, recognition is an intrinsic part of an individual's four basic psycho-social needs. Artists thrive on it.

For those of you out there who like to memorize utterly useless facts, I was born at an early age in Jersey City on June 11, 1949. I experienced a drastically uneventful childhood, with most of my time devoted to collecting comics, catching as many second rate horror flicks that I could and getting into science fiction novels.

Once I had high school out of the way, I decided it was time for me to enter the

comic book biz. Needless to say, as a novice to the visual arts, I didn't get very far.

Somewhat frustrated, I enlisted at age 18 in the New Action Army. The year was an unforgettable 1968. You know, the Tet Offensive and all that. Somehow, I lucked out and ended up in Ansbach, Germany, where I spent a whacky, way-out 18 months of military service. I was honorably released from the Regular Army on May 29 '70.

With visions of dollar signs dancing in my head, I made use of my veteran's benefits to enhance my education. I'm presently enrolled in Ocean County College, Toms River, New Jersey. I'm shooting for a degree in Applied Science with a humanities concentration. My major is philosophy.

I'm also writing as much stuff as my overcrowded schedule will allow for Warren Publishing, the best horror mag outfit in the business. (Ethnocentrism made me say that.)

Some other facts: I'm single. Twenty-two. Live in Bricktown, N.J., Dig girls, music, good art in general and love bugging people with the quest on "why?"

You know, life REALLY is the ultimate trip. Remember that.

Peace

Next from Margopoulos is the chilling story "The Hunt," scenes from which appear here, drawn by PAUL NEARY, artist on "Derelict" in EERIE #41. Beware "The Hunt."



LIFE'S DREAM

Light! I can see again. My lifelong dream has been fulfilled, I am a vampire!

I awoke on a table with a sheet over me. I then realized I was in the morgue. I searched the room and found my clothes. After dressing I realized I was hungry, hungry for some warm, life giving, human blood. I roamed the streets searching for my first victim. Then on a deserted, dim. A pretty young thing about 19 years old.

Blood, warm life-giving blood. With these thoughts in mind, I attacked. Screams, terror filled screams, erupted from the girl as I dragged her into the alley. Joy filled my

heart as I prepared to sink my teeth into her lovely young throat. Then, we were bathed in light. Her screams had brought a policeman. I dropped her and started to run. A shot rang out, and I laughingly thought, fire all you want, mere bullets can't stop a vampire. Pain, searing pain, struck me between the shoulders. I stumbled and fell, pain racking my body.

I realized then that I hadn't died and become a vampire. But I was dying now from the policeman's bullet. Now, yes now, maybe my lifelong dream will be fulfilled, and I will become a real vampire!

RICHARD D. CHASE

ENCOUNTER WITH AN ARTIST

The gathering of the Poets was uncommonly silent. Rodie had not composed much of late in the way of sonnets, Evans displayed little triumph at having captured Gip's king, the fire upon the hearth ebbed low, and even the brandy tasted bland. Kyle, nestled in his familiar chair in the corner, took a long pull at his snifter before quietly setting it down and announcing to his comrades: "Justus Broderac was indeed an artist!"

"It was in London a few weeks ago, and I was out for a midnight ramble when I encountered this drunkard who had been ejected from a tavern. I recognized him immediately, despite his wretched appearance, you remember. Broderac had a scar upon his left brow. I approached him and gained his confidence by plying him with alcohol. Poor blighter—nervous and seedy. Yet who can blame him for his unfortunate downfall, I mean after the way that Countess Valdieu refused his advances and ruined him financially. Broderac was always slightly unstable, and that vile wench sent him over the brink. But she'd died several months previous, cancer, I think.

"As I was saying, Broderac promised me a private showing of all the works he had painted since his plunge into obscurity. His studio was chiefly cluttered with (and I admit it) cheap hackwork. You know-hazy renditions of nightmares, portraits of Satan, depictions of witches' covens that Goya puts to shame, the entire gambit of dull ghost-story covers. I was discouraged by Broderac's lack of imagination—that is, until I beheld his masterpiece. I'll never forget it—a crypt scene, a handful of ghouls had overrun it and were busily desecrating its single occupant, a woman obviously of high birth, judg-

ing from her burial costume of jewelry, one of those fiends was plucking off the rings by severing her fingers and depositing them in a burlap sack. Lord, the expression on her face, the face of the late Countess Valdieu and that grave-robber who held the sack of jewelry, the one with a livid scar above his left eyebrow.

"Broderac mumbled something about applying the finishing touches and was again swirling the paints at his easel. I was convinced that this diabolic abomination was but a manifestation of his desire for revenge on the woman who had wronged him, a revenge that her death had cheated him of. Suddenly, he whipped about and declared, 'Done!' But I was already rushing for the door and bolting down the stairs three at a time because of what I saw appear in the corner of his studio the minute Broderac applied the final dab of oil—a darkly-stained burlap sack!"

An uneasy hush gripped the Poets before tactless Duval broke it by scoffing, "And just what does that prove?"

"I wish I knew," replied Kyle, gulping at his liquor. "You see, ghouls broke into the tomb of Countess Valdieu that very night and were apprehended on the spot. I've heard of cases of people being in two places at once, but how else could Broderac possibly know? The Countess' vault is in Paris. Besides that, the ghouls confessed to never having heard of Justus Broderac, but they swore repeatedly that one of their number, one with a mark upon his left brow who had aided them for the first time that night by holding the sack of plunder, unexplainably disappeared before the authorities arrived, and was never seen again!"

JEFF BAENEN

COLD SHOULDER!

Norm was in a thoughtful mood as he poured hot, steaming water into the bathtub. He believed that a bath would ease his worried mind a little; maybe it would help erase the memory of his "perfect crime." Norm was responsible for the death of a partner, also a friend, who had cursed Norm as he listened to him die.

Norm Hanon had been the co-owner of a very profitable meat packing company, but now, due to an unfortunate accident, he was now the sole owner. Larry Mueller had been accidentally locked in a meat freezer, and was found the next morning quite frozen and quite dead. Norm knew this was no accident, Norm was the man who had locked Larry in. As he slowly froze, he vowed revenge.

"Listen Norm, this isn't... the end. You and I... and I shall still be partners. Partners in death!"

Norm ran home, trying to calm his nerves. The next day he was faced with the unpleasant duty of identifying Larry's blue corpse. The curse still rang in Norm's mind.

Norm thought of all this as he lay in the bathtub. He decided to get up because the water had cooled. Before he could, raise himself up, he realized that the water had frozen solid! Norm screamed, but to no avail! His hands, feet, and entire body were encased in solid ice. He could feel his head throb and he tried to cry but couldn't. His senses were numb. The only thing that remained was the voice, a voice which seemed to echo throughout the room, yet he knew it was only in his mind. He looked sorrowfully at his cold blue skin, for it was the last thing he ever saw.

"Partners in death" was the last thing he ever heard!

BOB HURNS

HATE

"I refuse to cooperate until you have assigned a new judge to my case!" Arwine said.

"Whom do you have in mind Mr. Arwine?" the judge asked. "Anyone else but you! I'm not gonna be judged by a no-good, flea bitten scrounge! Just look at yourself! I'll bet that because of that long hair the lice are eatin' away at your scalp, and the same goes for that shabby beard! Don't you have any decency? You're probably the type that participates in those damned peace marches where those hippy freaks wave their idiotic signs that say foolish things like, 'Make love, not war'. Then the hypocrites go and

burn down every building in sight! They should all be shot!"

"That is quite enough, Mr. Arwine. Now if you will allow me to speak." Slowly, and calmly the judge replied, "If you wish to murder your fellow man, simply because they do not adhere to your blasphemous, and your..."

"That's right! I want them all murdered; including you, ya' dirty, rotten scrounge!" Arwine screamed. "I HATE YOU! I hate You! I hate you! hate! Hate! HATE!"

And many more people being very much like Arwine, will be sentenced to HELL this day.

ROBERT M. LESTER



Leaping dog-like creatures with heads resembling eagles are the monstrous creation of San Fran. reader SCOT GOODE.



From the fertile mind of EERIE fan artist HIDY of Commerce, Texas comes this duo of demoniacal drawings.

Black Death

Nilac cursed at the stygian darkness, wishing he could have made it earlier to this town. Nilac was a barbarian from the cold, desolate North.

Nilac mounted a big black stallion, which he found at an Oasis, and came in search of an Inn for the night. All around him he heard the patter of bare feet on cobblestones, so he stopped to survey his surroundings. As soon as he stopped he was surrounded by seven ebony-colored figures, with little daggers for weapons. Nilac started to draw his sword, then out of nowhere one of them dove at him and knocked him off his horse. Nilac felt a sharp pain in his right shoulder. One thought came into his mind, Cannibals! These were Cannibals. They lived in the Tropics. The instant this happened Nilac whipped his poniard and drove it into the man's throat. He got up quickly, leaving the Cannibal choking on his own blood. Not waiting for them to re-group, Nilac drew his sword and ripped into them, hewing and cleaving. At his feet lay three bloody remnants of the Cannibals. Only three were left. Nilac jumped to the wall. Two more rushed at him. One

of them slipped in front of Nilac. Nilac ignored the fallen man and parried a thrust from the other. He drove his sword forward and ripped madly upwards, the man's entrails spilled out.

At the same time that he wrenched his sword free, his mind screamed in pain. He was wounded. A red haze of rage and fury covered his eyes. He lifted his sword up, and brought it down on the Cannibal's neck. Frozen in a mask of horror the head flew from his body. Nilac turned in time to see the last one run off, terrified. He probably thought Nilac was some Hell-spawn Demon in human guise, come to destroy them. Having got his poniard out of one of the Cannibals' throats, he limped to his horse, mounted and rode off for the nearest Inn, leaving the whole bloody mess for the vultures to pick at. After a few minutes of riding he felt so tired he fell from his horse. He lay there, arms and legs as heavy as lead. Then he remembered something his father had told him, "Son if you are ever bitten by the Cannibal's fangs, you will sleep for a hundred years."

TIM McDONALD

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DEATH HUNTS DAX TWO WAYS. SCORCHING
HEAT AND SANDY DESOLATION ROB HIS
STRENGTH, LEAVING BUT PARCHED
THROAT, CRACKED DRY THIRST.

DAX THE WARRIOR LET THE EVIL ONE SLEEP

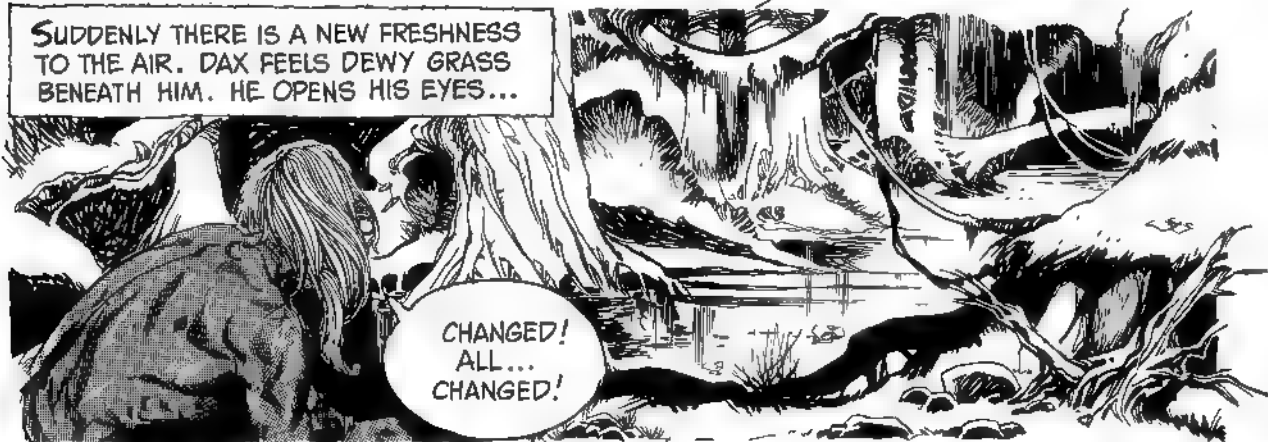
HIS SOUL IS BLEEDING...

AND HIS MIND FEELS
DRIVEN TO CRYPTS OF
MADNESS. MURDERED BY
UNRELIEVED MEMORIES OF
BLOODY HUMAN SUFFERING,
IN A BATTLE WHERE ILL-
EQUIPPED ARMIES FOUGHT
AND DIED FOR GOLD.

BRUISES, LACERATIONS
SCREAM PROTESTS AS
DAX HITS THE GROUND.
ONE HAND GREEDILY
CLAWS FOR LIFE, AND
HE BEGS, SOBBING FOR
SOMETHING ELSE. DEATH.
ANYTHING. ANYTHING
BUT THE PAIN.



SUDDENLY THERE IS A NEW FRESHNESS
TO THE AIR. DAX FEELS DEWY GRASS
BENEATH HIM. HE OPENS HIS EYES...



CHANGED!
ALL...
CHANGED!



FOR THE MOMENT, HE CARES
NOT WHERE HE IS. REALITY
IS A COOL, BUBBLING
STREAM.



IT... WOULD
SEEM I'M NOT
ALONE.



HAVE YOU
DRANK ENOUGH?
COME. THERE IS
MUCH I WISH YOU
TO SEE.



BE THIS INSANITY? A
DOMAIN OR DEATH? OR...
SOME INSIDIOUS TRAP?
DAX'S MIND FEELS LIGHTENED
SOMEHOW, BUT THERE IS
WARINESS STILL WITHIN.





I AM LILITH, AND THIS IS MY WORLD. I CALL IT PARADISE. IT IS NOW ALSO YOURS. YOU MAY SHARE IN ALL THE PLEASURES OF ... **OUR** WORLD.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS. I'M A SOLDIER WHO CAN ONLY ACCEPT THE RATIONAL, NOT THE IMPOSS...



SOLDIER! WAR! MALEVOLENCE! IS THAT WHAT YOU WISH TO RETURN TO? ARE YOU A FOOL?

I JUST CANNOT COMPREHEND...

I...DID NOT MEAN TO COME THIS WAY. WE MUST DEPART AT ONCE.



THEY WALKED IN A VAST FOREST, AND DAX SAW BEAUTY. MORE THAN HE HAD EVER KNOWN. ABRUPTLY THEY CAME TO A SMALL CLEARING. A MAN COVERED BY A CAPE LAY MOTIONLESS ON AN ORNATE PLATFORM.



TAKE MY HAND. LET ME SHOW YOU BEAUTY.



WHO IS HE?

THE EVIL ONE. NOW **COME!**

IT WAS A STRUGGLE LONG AND HARD, BUT I SUBDUED HIM. HE SLEEPS ... FOREVER!



LILITH! WHERE DID HE COME FROM? DID YOU SLAY HIM?

DAX... LISTEN. I TOOK YOU IN FROM THE DESERT TO BE REBORN. NEVER MIND HOW. ALLOW MY LOVE TO BATHE YOU NEVERENDING. YOU ARE REBORN, AND YOUR NAME IS... ADAM.



THE EVIL ONE TRIED TO CONQUER PARADISE WHEN HE ARRIVED... BEND ME TO HIS UNCLEAN WAYS AND WILL.

I TRIUMPHED. HE SLEEPS NOW, BUT DREAMS PERHAPS OF FLOWING, BECOMING ONE WITH THE BEAUTY AROUND HIM. TO **ESCAPE!** YET HE NEVER WILL!

DAX SWIMS IN MELODIC VOICE, THE PERFECTION AND GENTLE MOVEMENT OF LILITH'S NEAR-UNCLAD FORM. HE FORGETS THE SLEEPER... A FORMER ADAM?... AND HOLDS THE WOMAN CLOSE.

ENOUGH FIGHTING, BLOODSHED. AT LEAST FOR A TIME. HOLD THE WOMAN AND CARESS HER SOFT LIPS. LOVE, AND LIVE.

SEE OUR HOME. IS IT NOT LOVELY, ADAM?



"I LOVE YOU," SHE SAYS ON INTO THE NIGHT. "I WANT YOUR CHILDREN."

WE SHARE UTOPIA, ADAM. WHAT ELSE COULD YOU WISH FOR?

WHAT OF FOOD? I AM NO VEGETARIAN. I MUST LOCATE GAME... ANIMALS TO SLAY.

TRUST YOU? WHEN MY MIND STILL BURSTS WITH QUESTION? WHEN I STILL KNOW NOT WHERE I AM?

DAMN YOU! ARE YOU OBSESSED WITH SLAUGHTER? CAN YOU IMAGINE STARVATION AND SUFFERING IN PARADISE? THAT IS PAST! **TRUST ME, ADAM!**

AND **DO NOT CALL ME ADAM!** I AM **DAX** THE WARRIOR. FROM A LONG AND PROUD LINE OF WARRIORS. NOBLE COMBAT IS IN MY BLOOD. IT IS MY **HERITAGE!**

SO I WAS WRONG. YOU ARE TRULY ACCURSED, DAX. A PATHETIC CHILD SEEKING TO PROVE MANHOOD BY THE BRUTAL PERSECUTION OF OTHERS. YOU ARE NO BETTER THAN THE EVIL ONE.

I AM DAX, SOLDIER. FAULTED BUT UNTAMED. IT IS ENOUGH

THEY EMERGE FROM NO-WHERE. LOOMING, MONSTROUS, REACHING AND GRABBING.

WHAT ARE THEY? WHY DO THE DEMONS ATTACK ONLY HER? AND... I CAN'T MOVE!

NO!
NOOOO!!

I'M...
PARALYZED.

SOME **FORCE** INSIDE ME. A COLD HAND CLUTCHES MY HEART. HEAR VOICES IN MY BRAIN... I WANT HER TO DIE. **DIE!** SEE HER BLOOD SPILLED UPON THE GRASS!

ADAM! DREAM
SPAWN... **EVIL**
ONE!

HELP ME ADAM, HELP...

TWIN BATTLES
RAGE. ONE
HIDEOUSLY

PHYSICAL, ONE A SAVAGE CONFLICT OF WILLS. SCARS OPEN AND THROB IN DAX'S FROZEN, AGONIZED BEING. MADNESS INVADES, DISPERSES FLEETING SANITY. BESTIALITY AND HATE OVERPOWER HIS ROTTING SOUL.

AND YET... HE IS
... A WARRIOR.

HE ATTACKS WITH THE FEROCITY
OF HIS OWN BARBARIAN LANDS.
BATTLE DAX UNDERSTANDS...
IT IS WHAT HE KNOWS BEST.
AND HE SLASHES, HACKS AT
THE HORRORS WHO SCREECH,
AND FALL, AND DISINTEGRATE.



I WAS PARALYZED BY
SOME TERRIBLE FORCE.
THE EVIL ONE IS **NOT**
UNCONQUERED. HE
MUST BE SLAIN.

OH, GOD. AM I DOOMED
TO PEACE ONLY THROUGH
SOLITUDE? WILL YOU NOT
SHARE MY HEART? ARE
MY CHILDREN TO BE BORN
MURDERERS, IMPORTANT
TO BEAUTY? TELL ME,
DAX. TELL
ME.

THE EVIL ONE.
HE COULD **DREAM**
THOSE? TO
REALITY.



COME, WE GO TO
THE EVIL ONE. AFTER
HE IS DEAD, OUR CHILDREN
SHALL CLAIM THIS PARADISE.
AND THEY SHALL BE
WARRIORS. AS THEIR
FATHER.

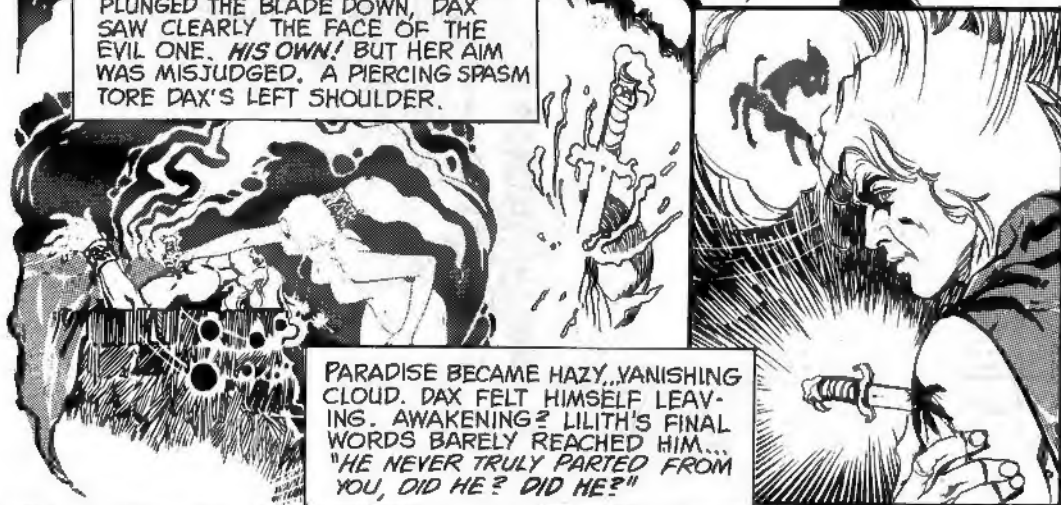


"YES, SLAY HIM," LILITH WHISPERED AS THEY APPROACHED THE SLEEPER. "KILL HIM AS HE DREAMS. IT IS BETTER THIS WAY."



THE EVIL ONE KNEW. IT PROBED WITHIN THE SICKENING VILE PITS OF ITS CONSCIOUSNESS AND SPEW FORTH ANOTHER UNSPEAKABLE HORROR.

"YES DAX" SHE SCREAMED. "IT IS THE ONLY WAY!" AND JUST AS SHE PLUNGED THE BLADE DOWN, DAX SAW CLEARLY THE FACE OF THE EVIL ONE. HIS OWN! BUT HER AIM WAS MISJUDGED. A PIERCING SPASM TORE DAX'S LEFT SHOULDER.



PARADISE BECAME HAZY...VANISHING CLOUD. DAX FELT HIMSELF LEAVING. AWAKENING? LILITH'S FINAL WORDS BARELY REACHED HIM... "HE NEVER TRULY PARTED FROM YOU, DID HE? DID HE?"

WATER...
WA...



FAR AWAY, SHE SOBBED, AND CRIED A NAME. SHE WAS ALONE. SHE BORE A CHILD...

The End



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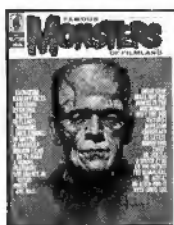
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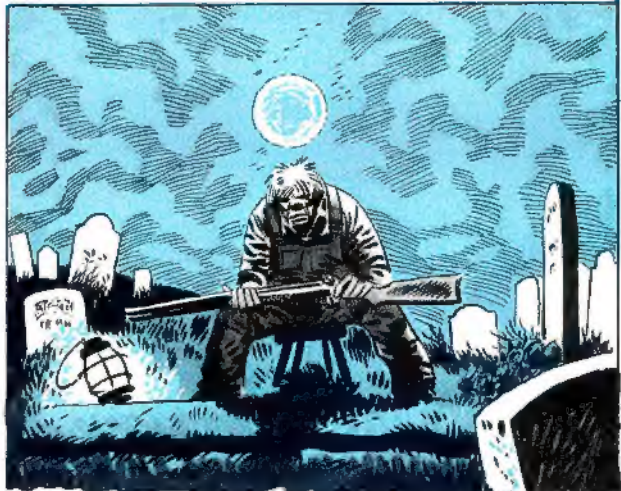
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THE MORTSAFES



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ISN'T
IT?

HERE SHE IS!

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